

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last of the Barons. By the Author of "Rienzi." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

Most distinctly and thoroughly a historical novel, and challenging comparison with the best in the English language, Sir Edward Bulwer has put forth his strength on *The Last of the English Barons*. It possesses all the merits which can belong to the class of composition. It is the received history of the period in vivid action. The period itself is fertile in great, changeful, and striking events. Affecting both the upper and the lower walks of life, new principles were being developed and brought into operation, which not only agitated the present, but produced wonderful effects upon the future. The personages who fill the scene are admirably identified with the portraiture handed down to us by the most authentic authorities; and speak and do exactly what we can imagine they must have spoken and done upon the remarkable occasions which the relation describes. The feelings and manners of feudality are truly represented; and so are the superstitions and other characteristics of the people.

The last of the Barons is the renowned Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, the hero so nobly immortalised when dying by Shakspeare, in one undying line,—

"Ah Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
All might be well.
The queen from France has brought a puissant power;
Ah, could'st thou fly!"

Warwick. Why, then, I would not fly!"

The gay court of Edward the Fourth in the Tower of London; London with its pastimes, pursuits, appearances, political attachments, and citizens; the intrigues, struggles, and battles of the rival Roses; the lordly bearing, pomp, and state, of the high nobility; the condition of the commons; and the characters of Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VI. a prisoner, and Margaret of Anjou; the duchess of Bedford; Warwick, his countess and daughters, and all the Nevilles; the Woodvilles, Lord Hastings, Robin of Redesdale, the bold demagogue; Friar Bungey; Nicholas Alwyn, type of the rising London trader, and many other lesser persons, are drawn to the life with a masterly force. And the two fictitious creations whose story is so closely connected with the historical chain, and is the main-spring and cause of many of the most important movements,—Adam Warner and his daughter Sybill,—are eminently worthy of the author's genius. The former is an enthusiast, far in advance of the age, who has invented a steam-engine, and doats upon it more fervently than if it were the dearest of living things; and the latter is a woman so natural and interesting, that we cannot help sympathising deeply in every turn of her varied fortune.

Such are the stage and the actors; and having briefly sketched their outline, we have but one other remark to offer on the style of the work. The author's keen observance of humanity, and his metaphysical searching into motives which influence and guide mankind; his fine sense

and perception of what are the actual sources of social complications and results,—are not elaborated into such philosophical demonstrations as in some of his preceding writings; but they are evinced in hundreds of bright flashes, which shew that however hurried on by the rapid course of physical events, his reflective mind never slumbered upon the moral and intellectual truths which were elicited in their development. It is difficult to select a few instances of this kind from a narrative; but we must endeavour to do so—as it would be against all rule to let a word out respecting the mystery of the plot. The introduction of Sybill in the opening, which describes a festival-sport near the village of Charing, for the inhabitants of old Cockaigne, will not only serve as a specimen of the *thoughts*, but of the general tone of the tale:—

"While Marmaduke, bewildered by this various bustle, stared around him, his eye was caught by a young maiden, in evident distress, struggling in vain to extricate herself from a troop of timbrel-girls, or *tymbesteres* (as they were popularly called), who surrounded her with mocking gestures, striking their instruments to drown her remonstrances, and dancing about her in a ring at every effort towards escape. The girl was modestly attired, as one of the humbler ranks, and her wimple in much concealed her countenance; but there was, despite her strange and undignified situation and evident alarm, a sort of quiet, earnest self-possession—an effort to hide her terror, and to appeal to the better and more womanly feelings of her persecutors. In the intervals of silence from their clamour, her voice, though low, clear, well-tuned, and impressive, forcibly arrested the attention of young Neville; for at that day, even more than this (sufficiently apparent as it now is), there was a marked distinction in the intonation, the accent, the modulation of voice between the better bred and better educated, and the inferior classes. But this difference, so ill according with her dress and position, only served to heighten the more the bold insolence of the musical Bacchantes, who, indeed, in the eyes of the sober, formed the most immoral nuisance attendant on the sports of the time, and whose hardy license and peculiar sisterhood might tempt the antiquarian to search for their origin amongst the relics of ancient paganism. And now, to increase the girl's distress, some half score of dissolute apprentices and journeymen suddenly broke into the ring of the Mænads, and were accosting her with yet more alarming insults, when Marmaduke, pushing them aside, strode to her assistance. 'How now, ye lewd varlets!—ye make me blush for my countrymen in the face of day! Are these the sports of merry England—these your manly contests—to strive which can best affront a poor maid? Out on ye, cullions and bezonians! Cling to me, gentle donsell, and fear not. Whither shall I lead thee?' The apprentices were not, however, so easily daunted. Two of them approached to the rescue, flourishing their bludgeons about their heads with formidable gestures.—'Ho, ho!' cried one, 'what right hast thou to step between the hunters and the doe?

The young quead is too much honoured by a kiss from a bold 'prentice of London.' Marmaduke stepped back, and drew the small dagger which then formed the only habitual weapon of a gentleman. This movement, discomposing his mantle, brought the silver arrow he had won (which was placed in his girdle) in full view of the assailants. At the same time they caught sight of the badge on his hat. These intimidated their ardour more than the drawn poniard. 'A Neville!' said one, retreating. 'And the jolly marksman who beat Nick Alwyn,' said the other, lowering his bludgeon, and doffing his cap. 'Gentle sir, forgive us, we knew not your quality. But as for the girl—your gallantry misleads you.' 'The wizard's daughter! ha! ha!—the imp of darkness!' screeched the timbrel-girls, tossing up their instruments, and catching them again on the points of their fingers. 'She has enchanted him with her glamour. Foul is fair! Foul fare thee, young springal, if thou go to the nets. Shadow and goblin, to goblin and shadow! Flesh and blood to blood and flesh!'—and dancing round him, with wanton looks and bare arms, and gossamer robes that brushed him as they circled, they chanted—

'Come kiss me, my darling,
Warm kisses I trade for;
Wine, music, and kisses—
What else was life made for!

With some difficulty, and with a disgust which was not altogether without a superstitious fear of the strange words and the outlandish appearance of these loathsome dallahs, Marmaduke broke from the ring with his new charge; and in a few moments the Neville and the maiden found themselves, unmolested and unpursued, in a deserted quarter of the ground; but still the scream of the timbrel-girls, as they hurried, wheeling and dancing, into the distance, was borne ominously to the young man's ear,—'Ha, ha; the witch and her lover! Foul is fair!—foul is fair! Shadow to goblin, goblin to shadow,—and the devil will have his own!' 'And what mischance, my poor girl,' asked the Neville, soothingly, 'brought thee into such evil company?' 'I know not, fair sir,' said the girl, slowly recovering herself; 'but my father is poor, and I had heard that on these holiday occasions one who had some slight skill on the gittern might win a few groats from the courtesy of the bystanders. So I stole out with my serving-woman, and had already got more than I dared hope, when those wicked timbrel-players came round me, and accused me of taking the money from them. And then they called an officer of the ground, who asked me my name and holding; so when I answered, they called my father a wizard, and the man broke my poor gittern—see!'—and she held it up, with innocent sorrow in her eyes, yet a half smile on her lips—'and they soon drove poor old Madge from my side, and I knew no more till you, worshipping sir, took pity on me.'

Our next is an embodied thought beautifully expressed and without context. "In our earlier years, most of us may remember, that there was one day which made an epoch in life—the day that separated childhood from youth; for that day seems not to come gradually, but to be

a sudden crisis, an abrupt revelation. The buds of the heart open to close no more."

Alwyn's account of his choice of life affords another example, and mixed with much pleasantry. "My uncle, the sub-prior, died—some say of austerities, others of ale—that matters not; he was a learned man and a cunning. 'Nephew Nicholas,' said he, on his death-bed, 'think twice before you tie yourself up to the cloister; it's ill leaping now-a-days in a sackcloth bag. If a pious man be moved to the cowl by holy devotion, there is nothing to be said on the subject; but if he take to the church as a calling, and wish to march ahead like his fellows, these times shew him a prettier path to distinction. The nobles begin to get the best things for themselves; and a learned monk, if he is the son of a yeoman, cannot hope, without a speciality of grace, to become abbot or bishop. The king, whoever he be, must be so drained by his wars, that he has little land or gold to bestow on his favourites; but his gentry turn an eye to the temporalities of the church, and the church and the king wish to strengthen themselves by the gentry. This is not all; there are free opinions afloat. The house of Lancaster has lost ground by its persecutions and burnings. Men dare not openly resist, but they treasure up recollections of a fried grandfather, or a roasted tenth-cousin; recollections which have done much damage to the Henries, and will shake holy church itself one of these days. The Lollards lie hid, but Lollardism will never die. There is a new class rising amain, where a little learning goes a great way, if mixed with spirit and sense. Thou likest broad pieces, and a creditable name—go to London and be a trader. London begins to decide who shall wear the crown, and the traders to decide what king London shall befriend. Wherefore, cut thy trace from the cloister, and take thy road to the shop.' The next day my uncle gave up the ghost. They had better clary than this at the convent, I must own; but every stone has its flaw!"

How just the following on Adam Warner's devoted pursuit:—"By degrees, the tyranny that a man's genius exercises over his life, abstracted him from all external objects." And well it is to be so amid the cares and harassments of life.

Again, of his being persecuted as a wizard by the ignorant:—"Unable themselves to volunteer any charges against the recluse (for the cows in the neighbourhood remained provokingly healthy), they came suddenly, and, as it were, by one of those common sympathies which in all times the huge persecutor we call the public manifests, when a victim is to be crushed, to the pious resolution of starving where they could not burn. Why buy the quaint devilities of the wizard's daughter?—no luck could come of it. A missal blazoned by such hands, an embroidery worked at such a loom, was like the Lord's Prayer read backwards. And one morning, when poor Sybill stole out as usual to vend a month's labour, she was driven from door to door with oaths and curses."

But we will before closing return to these specimens, with which the volumes abound; and meanwhile, without trenching on secrets, copy a passage of general applicability to rural England in the middle ages:—

"Autumn had succeeded to summer—winter to autumn—and the spring of 1468 was green in England, when a gallant cavalcade were seen slowly winding the ascent of a long and gradual hill, towards the decline of day. Different, indeed, from the aspect which that part of the country now presents was the landscape that

lay around them, bathed in the smiles of the westering sun. In a valley to the left, a full view of which the steep road commanded, (where now roars the din of trade through a thousand factories,) lay opposite a long secluded village. The houses, if so they might be called, were constructed entirely of wood, and that of the more perishable kind—willow, sallow, elm, and plumtree. Not one could boast a chimney; but the smoke from the single fire in each, after duly darkening the atmosphere within, sent its surplusage, lazily and fitfully, through a circular aperture in the roof. In fact, there was long in the provinces a prejudice against chimneys! The smoke was considered good both for house and owner; the first it was supposed to season, and the last to guard 'from rheums, catarrhs, and poses.' Neither did one of these habitations boast the comfort of a glazed window, the substitute being lattice, or chequer-work—even in the house of the franklin, which rose stately above the rest, encompassed with barns and outsheds. And yet greatly should we err, did we conceive that these deficiencies were an index to the general condition of the working-class. Far better off was the labourer, when employed, than now. Wages were enormously high, meat extremely low; and our mother-land bountifully maintained her children. On that greensward before the village (now foul and reeking with the squalid population, whom commerce rears up—the victims, as the movers of the modern world) were assembled youth and age; for it was a holiday evening, and the grim puritan had not yet risen to sour the face of mirth. Well clad in leathern jerkin, or even broadcloth, the young peasants vied with each other in quirts and wrestling; while the merry laughter of the girls, in their gay-coloured kirtles, and ribboned hair, rose oft and cheerily to the ears of the cavalcade. From a gentle eminence beyond the village, and half veiled by trees, on which the first verdure of spring was budding, (where now, around the gin-shop, gather the fierce and sickly children of toil and of discontent,) rose the venerable walls of a monastery, and the chime of its heavy bell swung far and sweet over the pastoral landscape. To the right of the road (where now stands the sober meeting-house), was one of those small shrines, so frequent in Italy, with an image of the Virgin gaudily painted, and before it each cavalier in the procession halted an instant to cross himself, and mutter an ave. Beyond still, to the right, extended vast chains of woodland, interspersed with strips of pasture, upon which numerous flocks were grazing, with horses, as yet unbroken to bit and selle, that neighed and snorted as they caught scent of their more civilised brethren pacing up the road. In front of the cavalcade rode two, evidently of superior rank to the rest. The one small and slight, with his long hair flowing over his shoulders; and the other, though still young, many years older, and indicating his clerical profession by the absence of all love-locks, compensated by a curled and glossy beard, trimmed with the greatest care. But the dress of the ecclesiastic was as little according to our modern notions of what becometh the church as can well be conceived; his tunic and surcoat, of a rich amber, contrasted well with the clear darkness of his complexion; his piked shoes, or beakers, as they were called, turned up half-way to the knee; the buckles of his dress were of gold, inlaid with gems; and the housings of his horse, which was of great power, were edged with gold fringe. By the side of his steed walked a tall greyhound, upon which he ever and anon glanced with affection. Behind these rode two gentlemen, whose golden

spurs announced knighthood; and then followed a long train of squires and pages, richly clad and accoutred, bearing generally the Neville badge of the bull; though interspersed amongst the retinue might be seen the grim boar's head, which Richard of Gloucester, in right of his duchy, had assumed as his cognizance. 'Nay, sweet prince,' said the ecclesiastic, 'I pray thee to consider that a greyhound is far more of a gentleman than any other of the canine species. Mark his stately yet delicate length of limb—his sleek coat—his keen eye—his haughty neck.' 'These are but the externals, my noble friend. Will the greyhound attack the lion, as our mastiff doth? The true character of the *gentilhomme* is to know no fear, and to rush through all danger at the throat of his foe; wherefore I uphold the dignity of the mastiff above all his tribe, though others have a daintier hide and a statelier crest. Enough of such matters, archbishop; we are nearing Middleham.' 'God be praised! for I am hungered,' observed the archbishop, piously; 'but, sooth to say, my cook at the More far excelleth what we can hope to find at the board of my brother. He hath some faults, our Warwick! Hasty and careless, he hath not thought enow of the blessings he might enjoy, and many a poor abbot hath daintier fare on his humble table.'"

The following are lines and passages which will rest on hearts and memories:—

"A bad man deceiving his own conscience:—
"Thus reasoning himself, his soul faced solitude."

"He who sets himself on a great object suddenly becomes wise."

A battle-field in the civil wars:—"Before them lay the field of battle; and a deeper silence seemed to fall over the world! The first stars had risen, but not yet the moon. The gleam of armour from prostrate bodies, which it had mailed in vain, reflected the quiet rays: here and there flickered watchfires, where sentinels were set, but they were scattered and remote. The outcasts paused and shuddered, but there seemed no holier way for their feet; and the roof of the farmer's homestead slept on the opposite side of the field, with the white orchard-blossoms whitened still more by the stars. They went on, hand in hand—the dead, after all, were less terrible than the living. Sometimes a stern, upturned face, distorted by the last violent agony, the eyes unclosed and glazed, encountered them with its stony stare; but the weapon was powerless in the stiff hand—the menace and the insult came not from the hueless lips—persecution reposed, at last, in the lap of slaughter. They had gone midway through the field, when they heard from a spot where the corpses lay thickest piled, a faint voice calling upon God for pardon; and, suddenly, it was answered by a tone of fiercer agony—that did not pray, but curse. By a common impulse, the gentle wanderers moved silently to the spot. The sufferer, in prayer, was a youth scarcely passed from boyhood: his helm had been cloven, his head was bare, and his long light hair, clothed with gore, fell over his shoulders. Beside him lay a strong-built powerful form, which writhed in torture, pierced under the arm by a Yorkist arrow, and the shaft still projected from the wound—and the man's curse answered the boy's prayer.

'Peace to thy parting soul, brother!' said Warner, bending over the man. 'Poor sufferer! said Sybill to the boy, 'cheer thee; we will send succour; thou mayest live yet!' 'Water! water!—hell and torture!—water, I say!' groaned the man; 'one drop of water!' It was the captain of the marauders who had captured the wanderers. 'Thine arm! lift me! move

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me! That evil man scares my soul from heaven! gasped the boy. And Adam preached penitence to the one that cursed, and Sybill knelt down and prayed with the one that prayed.

—And up rose the moon! * * *
“Young as I am, I have lived long enough to see that friends follow fortune, but never make it!”

“Beyond the realm of men lies ever, with its joy and sorrow, its vicissitude and change, the domain of the human heart. In the revolution, the toy of the scholar was restored to him; in the revolution, the maiden mourned her lover: in the movement of the mass each unit hath its separate passion. The blast that rocks the tree shakes a different world in every leaf!” * * *

“After all, peradventure it is sweeter to love than to be loved. * * *

“Do not deceive woman. Deeds kill men—words women.”

The love between mature man and a young female:—“I, older in heart than in age, am yet so far thine elder in the last, that these hairs will be grey, and this form bent, while thy beauty is in its prime, and—but thou weepest!” “I weep that thou shouldst bring one thought of time to sadden my thoughts, which are of eternity. Love knows no age—it foresees no grave! its happiness and its trust behold on the earth but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly pass calmly on to live for ever! See, I weep not now!” * * *

“Alas! the heart once bruised and galled recovers itself but slowly.”

The answer of a woman of inferior rank to the case of a man of high station losing caste by condescending to marry below him:—“Alas, my lord, I am but a poor casuist; but I feel that if I asked thee to forfeit whatever men respect,—honour and repute for valour,—to be traitor and dastard, thou couldst love me no more; and marvel you, if when man woos woman to forfeit all that her sex holds highest—to be in woman what dastard and traitor is in man—she hears her conscience and her God speak in a louder voice than can come from a human lip? The goods and pomps of the world we are free to sacrifice, and true love heeds and counts them not; but true love cannot sacrifice that which makes up love—it cannot sacrifice the right to be loved below, the hope to love on in the realm above, the power to pray with a pure soul for the happiness it yearns to make, the blessing to seem ever good and honoured in the eyes of the one by whom alone it would be judged—and therefore, sweet lord, true love never contemplates this sacrifice; and if once it believe itself truly loved, it trusts with a fearless faith in the love on which it leans.”

Character of Edward IV. (whom the author makes madly in love with—so as even to make an unholy attempt on—the Lady Anne, Warwick’s youngest daughter, who is sought by Richard of Gloucester, and secretly loves the absent Edward, the son of Henry VI.):—“The mechanism of this strong man’s nature was that almost unknown to the modern time; it belonged to those earlier days which furnish to Greece the terrible legends Ovid has clothed in gloomy fire, which a similar civilisation produced no less in the middle ages, whether of Italy or the North—that period when crime took a grandeur from its excess—when power was so great and absolute, that its girth burst the ligaments of conscience—when a despot was but the incarnation of will—when honour was indeed a religion, but its faith was valour, and it wrote its decalogue with the point of a fearless sword. The youth of Edward the

Fourth was as the youth of an ancient Titan—of an Italian Borgia; through its veins the hasty blood rolled as a devouring flame. This impetuous and fiery temperament was rendered yet more fearful by the indulgence of every intemperance; it fed on wine and lust: its very virtues strengthened its vices—its courage stifled every whisper of prudence—its intellect, uninured to all discipline, taught it to disdain every obstacle to its desires. Edward could, indeed, as we have seen, be false and crafty—a temporiser—a dissimulator—but it was only as the tiger creeps, the better to spring, undetected, on its prey. If detected, the cunning ceased, the daring rose, and the mighty savage had fronted ten thousand foes, secure in its fangs and talons, its bold heart, and its deadly spring. Hence, with all Edward’s abilities, the astonishing levities and indiscretions of his younger years. It seemed almost, as we have seen him play fast and loose with the might of Warwick, and with that power, whether of barons or of people, which any other prince of half his talents would have trembled to arouse against an unrooted throne;—it seemed almost as if he loved to provoke a danger, for the pleasure it gave the brain to baffle, or the hand to crush it. His whole nature coveting excitement, nothing was left to the beautiful, the luxurious Edward, already wearied with pomp and pleasure, but what was unholy and forbidden. In his court were a hundred ladies perhaps not less fair than Anne, at least of a beauty more commanding the common homage; but these he had only to smile on, with ease to win. No awful danger, no inexpiable guilt, attended those vulgar frailties, and therefore they ceased to tempt. But here the virgin guest, the daughter of his mightiest subject, the beloved treasure of the man whose hand had built a throne, whose word had dispersed an army,—here, the more the reason warned, the conscience started, the more the hell-born passion was aroused!”

Sybill has accidentally remained to sleep with the Lady Anne, when Edward commits his monstrous breach of honour and hospitality; and the description of his “Tarquin strides,” and the defeat of his object, is very fine. We trust some competent painter will put the scene on canvass.

“Love with him cared not for the person loved, but solely for its own gratification; it was desire for possession—nothing more. But that desire was the will of a king who never knew fear or scruple; and, pampered by eternal indulgence, it was to the feeble lusts of common men what the storm is to the west wind. Yet still, as in the solitude of night he paced his chamber, the shadow of the great crime advancing upon his soul appalled even that dauntless conscience. He gasped for breath—his cheek flushed crimson, and the next moment grew deadly pale. He heard the loud beating of his heart. He stopped still. He flung himself on a seat, and hid his face with his hands; then starting up, he exclaimed—‘No, no! I cannot shut out that sweet face, those blue eyes, from my gaze. They haunt me to my destruction and her own. Yet why say destruction? If she love me, who shall know the deed? if she love me not, will she dare to reveal her shame? Shame!—nay, a king’s embrace never dishonours. A king’s bastard is a house’s pride. All is still—the very moon vanishes from heaven. The noiseless rushes in the gallery give no echo to the footstep. Fie on me! Can a Plantagenet know fear?’ He allowed himself no further time to pause; he opened the door gently, and stole along the gallery. He knew well the

chamber, for it was appointed by his command; and, besides the usual door from the corridor, a small closet conducted to a secret panel behind the arras. It was the apartment occupied, in her visits to the court, by the queen’s rival, the Lady Elizabeth Lucy. He passed into the closet—he lifted the arras—he stood in that chamber which gratitude, and chivalry, and hospitable faith, should have made sacred as a shrine. And suddenly, as he entered, the moon, before hid beneath a melancholy cloud, broke forth in awful splendour, and her light rushed through the casement opposite his eye, and bathed the room with the beams of a ghostlier day. The abruptness of the solemn and mournful glory scared him as the rebuking face of a living thing—a presence as not of earth seemed to interpose between the victim and the guilt. It was, however, but for a moment that his step halted. He advanced: he drew aside the folds of the curtain, heavy with tissue of gold, and the sleeping face of Anne lay hushed before him. It looked pale in the moonlight, but ineffably serene, and the smile on its lips seemed still sweeter than that which it wore awake. So fixed was his gaze—so ardently did his whole heart and being feed through his eyes upon that exquisite picture of innocence and youth—that he did not see for some moments that the sleeper was not alone. Suddenly an exclamation rose to his lips—he clenched his hand in jealous agony—he approached—he bent over—he heard the regular breathing which the dreams of guilt never know; and then, when he saw that pure and interlaced embrace—the serene yet somewhat melancholy face of Sybill, which seemed hueless as marble in the moonlight—bending partially over that of Anne, as if, even in sleep, watchful,—both charming forms so linked and woven that the two seemed as one life, the very breath in each rising and ebbing with the other, the dark ringlets of Sybill mingling with the auburn gold of Anne’s luxuriant hair, and the darkness and the gold, tress within tress, falling impartially over either neck, that gleamed like ivory beneath that common veil,—when he saw this twofold loveliness, the sentiment—the conviction of that mysterious defence which exists in purity—thrilled like ice through his burning veins. In all his might of monarch and of man, he felt the awe of that unlooked-for protection—maidenhood sheltering maidenhood—innocence guarding innocence. The double virtue appalled and baffled him; and that slight arm which encircled the neck he would have perilled his realm to clasp, shielded his victim more effectually than the bucklers of all the warriors that ever gathered round the banner of the lofty Warwick. Night and the occasion befriended him; but in vain. While Sybill was there, Anne was saved. He ground his teeth, and muttered to himself. At that moment Anne turned restlessly. This movement disturbed the light sleep of her companion. She spoke half inaudibly, but the sound was as the hoot of shame in the ear of the guilty king. He let fall the curtain, and was gone.”

With this we close a delightful book; and have only to add, that the character of the future Richard III., when a mere youth, is one of the most striking which this animated picture-gallery contains. The same may be said of Lord Hastings. There is a very interesting dedicatory epistle, which did not reach us till our review was finished. Its critical and historical expositions would have saved us some remark, and are eminently worthy of attention.

TOPOGRAPHY.

It is a poor excuse to offer, that being partial to a particular class of publication may have the effect of making us unjust towards it; but the truth is the truth, and we have only to say in excuse for our delayed notice of several interesting topographical works, that we have been so engaged in perusing and weighing them, that we never could bring our minds to the business of review. Now, their accumulation has raised another obstacle, and we feel ourselves in a worse dilemma than before. In short, we can do no more than give them brief and imperfect references for general guidance, leaving them for their local values to be estimated as they deserve by more immediate parties.

Charnwood Forest. With Illustrations. By T. R. Potter. 4to, circ. 280. London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Leicester, E. Allen.

This is an interesting and well-written history of the ancient forest-district of Charnwood, with its antiquities and traditions, completed by an instructive description of its geology, botany, and ornithology. It opens with a view of the old laws, courts, and customs, of such scenes of tyranny and romance, necessarily involving matters which peculiarly display the then condition of England. Nichols's *Leicestershire*, condensed, supplies the best of the information; but still there is enough of the picturesque and the antiquarian, as well as of natural history, to impart a high character to the volume, which is farther enhanced by its appropriate illustrations of every kind. Among these, "Copt Oak," the ruin of a splendid tree, is indeed a relic of the merrie days of Robin Hood—of Norman and Saxon—of king and baron, and retainer and serf—of monastery and friar—of game-laws, very different from the Quorndon Hunt—of no education nor education-committees—of no poor-laws nor poor-law unions. Of the trees remaining to our times, it is here stated:—"Bens Cliff, near Maplewell, was known to have been covered with oaks about 1745. From this period the Copt Oak, the Outwoods, White Horse Wood, the oaks growing in Bradgate Park, and about Charley Hall, are nearly the only vestiges of the ancient forest. It is not, however, improbable that there are still some oaks, among the few remaining on Charnwood, that were growing at a period little less remote than the Norman Conquest. The trees to which I should be inclined to assign such a longevity are the Copt Oak, one or two on the skirts of the Outwoods, and some in Bradgate Park. Several oaks lately felled in Sherwood Forest, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212, and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the mark was made. It is well known that the oak that proved fatal

'To that red-king, who, while of yore
Through Boldre-wood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled.'

was standing a few years ago in the New Forest." Mr. Potter contends, from several remains, that the Druids, and consequently druidical worship and sacrifice, had a habitation and a bloodshed in Charnwood; but their vestiges being destroyed by the Romans, there are not so many traces of them as of their conquerors. Beacon Hill he considers to be the most perfect evidence of the occupation by the latter; and a spot whose beacon-light could be seen from no fewer than six undoubted Roman stations, one of which was Bar-Beacon, near Birmingham. "The plan (of which there is a delineation) is almost a perfect facsimile of a camp at Hunnington, near Ancaster; and it is somewhat

singular, that beacon, Hunnington, and a Roman camp at South Ormsby, are all in the direct line to Salt-fleet, from whence salt was probably brought to the midland districts. A field in Quorn was called Saltgate in 1607; and Saltby is the name of a village situated very near the point where this road enters Leicestershire. Mr. Lingham, of Needleless Inn, informs me that he well remembers that, thirty-four years ago, there stood, on the highest point of Beacon, an erection of rude and ancient masonry, about six feet high, of a round form, and having in its centre a cavity about a yard deep and a yard in diameter, the sides of which were very thickly covered with burnt pitch. This, he says, had all the appearance of having been used for holding the beacon-fires. He remembers, too, that at that period, the entrenchments above described were much more visible than they are now. He is the only person with whom I have conversed that seems ever to have noticed them, except Mr. William Lester, of Woodhouse; and they are not mentioned by any writer whatever, unless Gale's remark applied to them. I discovered, by digging, many heaps of nearly perished mortar, mingled with fragments of stone and dark red brick. An examination of the above plan, when laid down, and a comparison of it with some similar ones in Gough's Camden, suggested the idea that the mound and rampart, which appear terminated by the rock on the western side, would probably be found continued in other parts of the hill, not naturally fortified by precipitous rock. Accordingly, on the 8th of March of the present year, I again visited Beacon, and found that my conjecture had been correct. The lines of fortification are continued along the entire circumference of the hill—in several places indeed they are double—always so in the most accessible parts. Even after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, and in a situation extremely exposed to the varying action of the elements, the fortifications, in many parts, still retain so much of their original boldness as to be truly astonishing." It seems, however, still doubtful whether this was originally a British or a Roman station: and we have merely quoted these passages from the author's disquisition concerning it, to typify the skilful manner in which he treats such subjects throughout the volume.

We say nothing of the genealogies connected with this part of the country, nor of the parochial histories, but that the former contain many facts and reminiscences which can hardly fail to interest readers, and that the latter are stated with true antiquarian fidelity.

From the geology, we observe that some coal-mines are wrought where wood once supplied the fuel of our ancestors. The botany is extensive, and the ornithology is accompanied by a very pretty coloured print of the *Cursorius Isabellinus*. Altogether the volume well deserves the public approbation and favour.

Eburacum; or, York under the Romans. By C. Wellbeloved. 8vo, pp. 163. York, R. Sunter and H. Sotheran; London, Longman and Co.—Mr. Wellbeloved, having read a paper on the subject at a meeting of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society soon after the opening of a new entrance into York from the North, through the Rampart, and the formation of some deep sewers in various parts of the city, had brought to light considerable portions of the wall, and other remains of the Roman station of Eburacum,—excited so much interest that he has been encouraged to explore it more elaborately, and give the result of his labours to the public

at large. For this the public, and especially the people of the northern shires, owe him their best acknowledgments; for he has produced a work of minute research and comprehensive illustration; though it is not within our bounds to extract even a separable portion from any of its heads, to illustrate the care and intelligence with which the author has placed the whole of these Roman remains before us.

The History and Antiquities of Cirencester, &c. 12mo, pp. 272. Cirencester, T. P. Bailey; London, Longman and Co.—A very superior guide-book to the monastic antiquities of this ancient town, and the Roman remains which have been exhumed from its precincts—walls, monumental stones, urns, tessellated pavements, pinnacles, architecture, coins. All the history of the place is interesting; and we should imagine that the volume would not only be much prized by strangers in Cirencester, but induce many visitors to go where so much is to be seen. Criticism: p. 202, "conventual" should be conventional?

Notices, Historical and Antiquarian, of the Castle and Priory at Castleacre, Norfolk. By the Rev. J. H. Bloom, B.A., Vicar of Castleacre, &c. Large 8vo, pp. 312. London, P. Richardson.—With twenty-three fine illustrations from original drawings, by an amateur apparently of equal taste and skill, Mr. Charles Wright, this volume contains a clear account of the time-worn Castle of Acre, and of the Cluniac Priory, founded by one of its warrior and religious lords. The race of De Warrene and Arundel, and other famous families, find their acts recorded in its pages; and the vicissitudes of war, of rebellion, of treason, of successful resistance, of marriages, divorces, alliances, feuds, &c. &c., have a lively representation in their affairs during troublesome, changeable, and dangerous times. Norfolk is old Anglo-Saxon ground, and therefore all that relates to it is welcome to modern England; but we lament to read the following account (though tinged with better hopes) of its status quo:—

"It has been the fashion to single out the parish of Castleacre as the most conspicuous in point of demoralisation and general depravity within the circuit of many miles, and until within the last few years there has been, we fear, but too strong ground for the conclusion; but then it is only justice to indicate the main source of this evil, and the still-existing obstacle to its effectual eradication. It is simply this: a custom has for many years prevailed in the place, and been encouraged by the occupiers in adjacent parishes, to farm out the work necessary to be done on their respective lands to one or two individuals, who shall provide hands to accomplish it in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms. These parties are termed gang-masters, and a very significant term it is; for surely no gang of wretched slaves beneath the sweltering sun of the tropics, could materially fall below the generality of persons thus assembled together in intellectual debasement and moral depravity. The gang-masters, anxious to reap as much advantage to themselves as possible from their bargain with their employers, seek about in all directions for idle hands to execute their work on the cheapest terms they can procure them at. What is the result? Vagrants,—the very scum and refuse of the county jails,—homeless, houseless wanderers, with perhaps the brand of infamy upon them, if passing within the neighbourhood, can and have obtained employment for a week, a fortnight, or it may be only a few days, without

question or hinderance. Short as their time of service might prove, it has been sufficient to inoculate the place, in the congenial hot-bed of the ale-house, with the virus of depravity, vice, and cunning, which these masters of their art import from their former haunts and occupations, and having sown the seed of mischief, they pass on and give place to another batch of worthies of similar stamp. Such has been the case; and we rejoice to hope that we may speak of this evil in some degree in the past tense;—the gang-masters have latterly become somewhat more cautious in their selection of hands. But the system itself is altogether bad, debasing to the parties employed, and injurious to the native labourers in the parish; and nothing short of its entire abolition can secure results permanently beneficial to the social improvement of the community. Until this is effected, other means of elevating the moral character of the humbler classes will experience but partial success; and yet such means are in diligent operation, and hitherto with happy and palpable advantage. A large national school is daily endeavouring to counteract the pernicious influence of the gangs upon the rising generation; a clothing-society invites those of maturer age to reap the advantage of frugality and prudent forethought; and benefit-clubs (the lingering apologies of the ancient guilds) still exist amongst us, though of questionable utility. Perseverance in these means and similar expedients may do much; but unless the blow is struck at the root of the mischief, we apprehend no very solid advantage will ever be gained in undermining the stronghold of depravity."

From the olden notices we may copy the following:—"The baronial tables were provided with the rarest luxuries that the age could produce and money procure; and no pains were spared to render their entertainments sumptuous and *recherchées*. The cookery was congenial to the prevailing tastes; and although many of the dishes would doubtless horrify a *gastronome* of the nineteenth century, they possessed peculiar *agréments* for the epicures of that day. Their hours were early; and a triplet proverbial amongst them acquaints us with the fact:—

'Lever à cinq—dîner à neuf—
Souper à cinq—coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.'

Thus modernised:—

'To rise at five—to dine at nine—
To sup at five—to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.'

A system which might not unadvantageously be practised at the present day."—[But will Mr. Bloom (excellent as his name is for the pledge) secure the promise of the last line, as a reward for the observance of the first two?]

More in our next No.

TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

[Second notice.]

We continue our selections from this entertaining volume, now complete, as we stated in our last No., by the appearance of the second Part. And as that Part is perfectly similar in spirit to its predecessor, being equally merry and jocular, and equally pleasant in its more descriptive passages, we shall make no ceremony in culling, indifferently, as relates to time, from the latter as from the earlier pages. We begin with a joke or two. At the *herraderos*, or bull-branding with the names of their proprietors, the wild creatures are driven in, caught with the lasso, and marked; and the scene is as exciting and not so cruel as a bull-fight.

"Three or four bulls are driven in. They stand for a moment, proudly reconnoitring their opponents. The horsemen gallop up, armed only with the lasso, and with loud insulting cries of '*Ah toro!*' challenge them to the contest. The bulls paw the ground, then plunge furiously at the horses, frequently wounding them at the first onset. Round they go in fierce gallop, bulls and horsemen, amidst the cries and shouts of the spectators. The horseman throws the lasso. The bull shakes his head free of the cord, tosses his horns proudly, and gallops on. But his fate is inevitable. Down comes the whirling rope, and encircles his thick neck. He is thrown down struggling furiously, and repeatedly dashes his head against the ground in rage and despair. Then, his legs being also tied, the man with the hissing red-hot iron in the form of a letter, brands him on the side with the token of his dependence on the lord of the soil. Some of the bulls stand this martyrdom with Spartan heroism, and do not utter a cry; but others, when the iron enters their flesh, burst out into long bellowing roars, that seem to echo through the whole country. They are then loosened, get upon their legs again, and like so many branded Cains, are driven out into the country, to make way for others. Such roaring, such shouting, such an odour of singed hair and *bifte au naturel*, such playing of music, and such wanton risks as were run by the men!"

At the fête of St. Augustin, the mingling of all classes is described with great liveliness. "We found the road to the Calvario, where, as usual, there was a ball in the afternoon, blocked up with carriages, and the hill itself covered with gay figures, who were dancing as well as the tremendous crowd would permit. This was really tolerably republican. The women generally were dressed as the better classes of Mexicans used to be years ago, and not so many years neither (and as many in the country still are), in blonde dresses, with very short petticoats, open silk stockings, and white satin shoes; and such a collection of queer bonnets has probably never been seen since the days when *les Anglaises pour rire* first set foot on Gallic shores. Some were like small steeples, others resembled helmets, some were like sugar-loaves, and most seemed to have been set on, for convenience-sake, all the way out. Amidst these there was a good sprinkling of pretty *Herbaults* and *Paris* dresses, but they belonged to the more fashionable classes. The scene was amusing from its variety; but we did not remain long, as it threatened rain. As we looked back, the crowd on the hill presented the appearance of a bed of butterflies dancing with black ants."

At a ceremonial entertainment on the queen's birth-day, we are told:—"The dinner lasted three and a half mortal hours. The archbishop proposed the health of her majesty the queen, which was drunk standing, the band performing 'God save the Queen.' I was dreadfully tired (though in a very agreeable position), and had no doubt every one else was the same, it being eleven when we returned to the drawing-room. The archbishop's familiars, two priests who always accompany him, respectable *black guards*, were already in waiting. As for him, he was as kind and agreeable as usual, and, after coffee, took his departure to the sound of music."

"Last evening we had *Romeo and Giulietta*, in which La Ricci and La Cesari made their appearance, the former as *Giulietta*, the latter as *Romeo*. The Ricci is a thin young woman, with a long pale face, black eyes and hair, long neck and arms, and large hands; extremely pretty, it is said, off the stage, and very ineffective on it; but both on and off with a very

distinguished air. Her voice is extensive, but wanting cultivation, and decidedly *pea-hennish*; besides that, she is apt to go out of tune. Her style of dress was excessively unbecoming to her style of beauty. She wore a tight white gown, a tight blue satin-peaked body, with long tight blue sleeves. The public were indulgent, but it was evident that they were disappointed."

An excursion to the *Tierra Caliente* paints a region of paradisaical loveliness; but infested with evils in many shapes, which, like the serpent of old, mar its beauties.

"For four months in the year, *tierra caliente* must be a paradise, and it has the advantage over the coasts, in being quite free from yellow fever. But the heat in summer, and the number of poisonous insects, are great drawbacks. Of these the *alacrans*, or scorpions, which haunt all the houses, are amongst the worst. Their bite is poisonous, and to a child deadly, which is one of the many reasons why these estates are left entirely to the charge of an agent, and though visited occasionally by the proprietor, rarely lived in by the family. The effects are more or less violent in different constitutions. Some persons will remain for eight days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, and the stomach swelled, as if by dropsy; others, by immediate remedies, do not suffer much. The chief cures are brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupify the patient, guaiacum and boiled silk, which last is considered most efficacious. In Durango they are particularly numerous and venomous, so that a reward is given for so many head of scorpions to the boys there, to encourage them to destroy them. The Senora —, who lives there, feels no inconvenience from their bite, but the scorpion who bites her immediately dies! It is pretended that they prefer dark people to fair, which is to suppose them very discriminating. Though as yet there have been few seen in the houses, I must confess that we feel rather uneasy at night, and scrupulously examine our beds and their environs before venturing to go to sleep. The walls being purposely whitewashed, it is not difficult to detect them; but where the roofs are formed of beams, they are very apt to drop through. There are other venomous reptiles, for whose sting there is no remedy; and if you would like to have a list of these interesting creatures, according to the names by which they are known in these parts, I can furnish you with one from the best authority. These, however, are generally to be found about outhouses, and only occasionally visit your apartments. There is the *chicaclina*, a striped viper, of beautiful colours—the *coratillo*, a viper of a coral colour, with a black head—the *vinagrillo*, an animal like a large cricket. You can discover it, when in the room, by its strong smell of vinegar. It is orange-coloured, and taps upon the person whom it crawls over, without giving any pain, but leaving a long train of deadly poison—I have fancied that I smell vinegar in every room since hearing this. The *salamanguesa*, whose bite is fatal; it is shaped like a lizard—the *eslaboncillo*, which throws itself upon you, and if prevented from biting you, dies of spite—the *cencoatl*, which has five feet, and shines in the dark: so that fortunately a warning is given of the vicinity of these animals in different ways; in some by the odour they exhale, in some by the light they emit, and in others, like the rattlesnake, by the sound they give out. Then there is a beautiful black and red spider, called the *chinelaquili*, whose sting sends a pain through all your bones; the only cure for which is to be shut up for several days in a room thick with smoke. There are also the *tarantula* and *casam-*

pulga spiders. Of the first, which is a shocking-looking soft fat creature, covered with dark hair, it is said, that the horse which treads on it instantly loses its hoof—but this wants confirmation. Of the scorpions, the small yellowish-coloured ones are the most dangerous, and it is pretended that their bite is most to be apprehended at midday. The workmen occasionally eat them, after pulling out the sting. The flesh of the viper is also eaten roasted, as a remedy against eruptions of the skin. Methinks the remedy is worse than the disease."

A visit to the *Acordada*, or public jail of Mexico, is full of painful interest. It is "a great solid building, spacious, and well ventilated. For this also there is a *junta*, or society of ladies of the first families, who devote themselves to teaching the female malefactors. It is painful and almost startling to see the first ladies in Mexico familiarly conversing with and embracing women who have been guilty of the most atrocious crimes, especially of murdering their husbands, which is the chief crime of the female prisoners. There are no bad faces amongst them, and probably not one who has committed a premeditated crime. A moment of jealousy during intoxication, violent passions without any curb, suddenly aroused and as suddenly extinguished, have led to these frightful results. We were first shewn into a large and tolerably clean apartment, where were the female prisoners who are kept apart, as being of a more decent family than the rest. Some were lying on the floor, others working; some were well dressed, others dirty and slovenly. Few looked sad; most appeared careless and happy; and none seemed ashamed. Amongst them were some of the handsomest faces I have seen in Mexico. One good-looking common woman, with a most joyous and benevolent countenance, and lame, came up to salute the ladies. I inquired what she had done. 'Murdered her husband, and buried him under the brick floor!' Shade of Lavater! It is some comfort to hear that their husbands were generally such brutes they deserved little better! Amongst others confined here is the wife, or rather the widow, of a governor of Mexico, who made away with her husband. We did not see her; and they say she generally keeps out of the way when strangers come. One very pretty and coquettish little woman, with a most intellectual face, and very superior-looking, being in fact a relation of Count —, is in jail on suspicion of having poisoned her lover. A beautiful young creature, extremely like Mrs. —, of Boston, was among the prisoners. I did not hear what her crime was. We were attended by a woman who has the title of *presidenta*, and who, after some years of good conduct, has now the charge of her fellow-prisoners—but she also murdered her husband! We went up stairs, accompanied by various of these distinguished criminals, to the room looking down upon the chapel, in which room the ladies give them instruction in reading and in the Christian doctrine. With the time which they devote to these charitable offices, together with their numerous devotional exercises, and the care which their houses and families require, it cannot be said that the life of a Mexican *senora* is an idle one; nor in such cases can it be considered a useless one. We then descended to the lower regions, where, in a great damp vaulted gallery, hundreds of unfortunate women of the lowest class were occupied in *travaux forcés*—not indeed of a very hard description. These were employed in baking tortillas for the prisoners. Dirty, ragged, and miserable-looking creatures there

were in these dismal vaults, which looked like purgatory, and smelt like—Heaven knows what! But, as I have frequently had occasion to observe in Mexico, the sense of smell is a doubtful blessing. Another large hall near this, which the prisoners were employed in cleaning and sweeping, has at least fresh air, opening on one side into a court, where poor little children, the saddest sight there, were running about—the children of the prisoners. Leaving the side of the building devoted to the women, we passed on to another gallery, looking down upon an immense paved court, with a fountain, where were several hundreds of male prisoners, unfortunately collected together without any reference to the nature of their crime; the midnight murderer with the purloiner of a pocket-handkerchief—the branded felon with the man guilty of some political offence—the debtor with the false coiner; so that many a young and thoughtless individual, whom a trifling fault, the result of ignorance or of unformed principles, has brought hither, must leave this place wholly contaminated and hardened by bad example and vicious conversation. Here there were indeed some ferocious, hardened-looking ruffians—but there were many mild, good-humoured faces; and I could see neither sadness nor a trace of shame on any countenance: indeed they all seemed much amused by seeing so many ladies. Some were stretched full-length on the ground, doing nothing: others were making rolls for hats, of different-coloured beads, such as they wear here, or little baskets for sale; whilst others were walking about alone, or conversing in groups. This is the first prison I ever visited, therefore I can compare it with no other; but the system must be wrong which makes no distinctions between different degrees of crime. These men are the same *forjats* whom we daily see in chains, watering the Alameda or Pasco, or mending the streets. Several hundreds of prisoners escaped from the *Acordada* in the time of the *pronunciamiento*—probably the worst amongst them—yet half the city appears to be here now. We were shewn the row of cells for criminals whom it is necessary to keep in solitary confinement on account of disorderly behaviour—also the apartments of the directors. In passing down stairs, we came upon a group of dirty-looking soldiers busily engaged in playing at cards. The alcade, who was shewing us through the jail, dispersed them all in a great rage, which I suspected was partly assumed for our edification. We then went into the chapel, which we had seen from above, and which is handsome, and well kept. In the sacristy is a horrid and appropriate image of the bad thief. We were also shewn a small room off the chapel, with a confessional, where the criminal condemned to die spends the three days preceding his execution with a padre chosen for that purpose. What horrid confessions—what lamentations and despair that small dark chamber must have witnessed! There is nothing in it but an altar, a crucifix, and a bench. I think the custom is a very humane one. We felt glad to leave this palace of crimes, and to return to the fresh air."

The Insane Hospital is a soothing scene; but the treatment of the lunatics very imperfectly understood.

Records of Wesleyan Life. By B. Love. Pp. 420. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Manchester, Love and Barton. A second edition shews that this book has been received with favour by the pious and respectable sect whose tenets, habits of life, and prin-

ciples, it is intended to exhibit. It is written throughout in a very serious and often very melancholy mood.

The Spirit of Judaism. By Grace Aguilar. Pp. 255. Edited at Philadelphia by Isaac Leeser. In this volume a similar exposition is presented on behalf of the ancient faith of Israel.

Conchologia Systematica, or Complete System of Conchology; illustrated with 310 Copperplate Engravings by Messrs. Sowerby; containing above 1500 Figures of Shells, many of which are entirely new to Science. Part XII. By Lovell Reeve, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

WITH this Part Mr. Reeve has completed the work described in the above title-page—a work of great scientific interest, of great illustrative beauty and accuracy, and of very great honour to individual zeal and talent. As we have frequently noticed, and quoted from it, whilst in progress, we shall now content ourselves with expressing the entire approbation with which we look upon the two volumes now perfected; containing 537 pages of clear and instructive letter-press, and 1500 figures distributed over 300 plates! We do trust that the outlay which must have attended the production of so valuable a publication will be felt to entitle the author to the warmest support and encouragement of the friends of science, especially as the technical character of such works precludes them from the hope of popular reward. Still, libraries, and intelligent readers of all classes, may well be tempted by Mr. Reeve's handsome tomes; whilst the zoologist and geologist will prize his able expositions respecting the chambered structure of the Nautilus, Ammonites, and other hitherto puzzling species. In fine, a complete and most deserving system of conchology is here, for the first time, submitted for national gratification and liberal regard.

Treatment of the Diseases of the Eye by means of Prussic-Acid Vapour, and other Medicinal Agents. By A. Turnbull, M.D. London, 1843. Churchill.

MEDICAL reform is busy in the thoughts of many men, and there is pressure from without. But we are not about to discuss the question *pro* or *con*. All that occupies our present thought, in relation to the work before us, is, a desire that there may exist, and speedily, an incorporated society, or voluntary association, so recognised that the dictum of referees selected from such a body would be received as authority; that, moreover, the duty of such corporation should be, to take cognisance of all new remedies or treatments, to investigate the cases brought forward, and to report their fallacy or faithfulness. In the present instance, the value of prussic-acid vapour, of the bisulphurett of carbon, and of the application of essential oils, on the principle, as laid down by Dr. Turnbull, of the absorption of carbon, and its union with oxygen in the blood-vessels, should at once be met with, at least, the spirit of investigation, and not with opposition founded on hearsay, or with mere assertion of dissent. The very fact of prussic-acid vapour dissolving the vessels of the eye to be charged with blood, the patient feeling no pain—at once acting as a stimulant and as a sedative—is of itself sufficiently curious to arrest attention, even setting aside the curative powers attributed to the vapour.

The work before us contains numerous cases in which success is stated, by Dr. Turnbull and by others, to have followed the application of prussic-acid vapour to various affections of the eye. The patients are named, and their places of abode given. There are amongst them,

also, cases at present under Dr. Turnbull's treatment; in order, he says, "that all who take an interest in the subject may have ample opportunity of watching their progress, and forming, from their own observations, just conclusions." He courts inquiry, and offers facility; what more could be desired? The question is of immeasurable value to the afflicted and to their friends.

THE CABOOL RETREAT.

IN the last No. of the *Bombay Monthly Times* there is printed the journal of Capt. Johnson, of the B.N.I.; a most painfully interesting narrative of the disastrous flight from Cabool, and which, in our eyes, is the more important, as it differs in many particulars from the statements of Lieut. Eyre, on which we felt it to be our duty to animadvert with considerable blame (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1359), and corroborates the opinion we ventured to express on the impropriety of publishing such limited and *ex-parte* accounts, involving the dearest rights of the living and the dead. Captain Johnson acted a prominent part on this melancholy and memorable occasion, and was among the very few who survived to witness the filling up of the measure of suffering and massacre. The subjoined extracts will be read with the deepest feeling.

"It may be remembered," says the editor, "that from a minute enumeration, given by the *Delhi Gazette*, of the strength of the army at the time of the insurrection, it was uniformly concluded that from 5000 to 6000 soldiers, with from 6000 to 8000 camp-followers, had marched from Cabool, and that from 13,000 to 15,000 men had disappeared in the passes. It now appears that the soldiers did not in all amount to 3500 fighting men,—nearly a half fewer than was believed to have perished; while of the camp-followers who, being unarmed and unprotected, and all natives of the hither side of the Indus, fell easy victims to the climate and the enemy, 14,000 accompanied the army. Of the sepoy, 1200 are said to have been on our return found wandering as beggars in the streets of Cabool; nearly as many more have returned from other quarters to India; so that from the muster-roll of fighting men not much more than 1000 may ultimately turn out to have permanently disappeared. Well-informed and careful observers, who formed part of the force, state, that so nearly as could be computed, the number of bodies of all classes observable in the passes, from Gundamuck to Cabool, amounted to about 3000. Captain Johnson estimates, that of the 17,000 who left, 13,000 must have perished; and we can have no more valuable authority. H.M. 44th appears alone to have suffered annihilation from the sword of the enemy."

6th January, 1842.—Agreeably to yesterday's orders, we were this day ready to start for Jellalabad. By 8 A.M. the greater part of the baggage was laden. As there was only one gateway on the face of the cantonments from which the exit of the troops was to be made, a portion of the rampart had been thrown down, so as to form a bridge over the ditch. The day was beautifully clear and frosty, snow nearly one foot deep on the ground. Thermometer considerably below freezing-point. Although terms had been entered into with the sirdars for our safe escort to Jellalabad, it was fully expected that we should have to fight our way out of the cantonments, as the populace would be so eager for its plunder. To our amazement, however, the advanced party, with which I was,

went out without the slightest molestation; nor were any more than 50 to 100 Afghans collected at the gateway to see our departure, and not a man was to be seen on the walls of any of the surrounding forts. The whole of our valuable magazines, consisting of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, to the amount of 80 lakhs, was plundered. We started at about half-past 9 A.M.; our progress very slow for the first mile; the distance was not accomplished under two and a half hours, owing to want of preparation beforehand. There was only one, and that a very narrow bridge, over the nullah (not above eight feet broad, but deep), within 150 yards of cantonments; and the gun-carriages, with which a bridge was to be formed over the Cabool river about a quarter of a mile from the gateway, were with difficulty drawn by the bullocks through the snow. This delay and want of preparation beforehand were the origin of this day's misfortunes, which involved the loss of more than half the baggage of the force. After having been cooped up in cantonments for the last two months and five days, during which time we had lost in several engagements a great portion of our officers and men, and the latter had also suffered very severely from the want of the necessary food, and over-work; great was the delight of our sepoy at the prospect of being freed from so inclement a climate as is (to them) Cabool at this season, and the more especially as the firewood that had been laid in for the winter's consumption was already expended, and almost the whole of the fruit-trees in cantonments had been cut and burned. Scarcely had we gone a mile, ere an order was brought to us that we were to return to cantonments, as Mahomed Zuman Khan had written to say the sirdars were not ready to accompany us; to our delight, however, we shortly got another order to proceed onward, and lost no time in doing so. It was originally the general's intention to halt at Bagrama, close to the Logur river, and about five miles from Cabool; but the whole country being a swamp, we went on about a mile further and halted at about 4 P.M. At dusk, scarcely any baggage up. The evening and night intensely cold,—no food for man or beast procurable, except a very limited quantity of *bohos*.

7th.—Several men frozen to death during the night, among whom was Mr. Condr. Macgregor. The rear-guard did not arrive in our bivouac till two this morning, having left cantonments at sunset yesterday; previous to their quitting which, the Afghans had entered there and set fire to all the public and private buildings after plundering them of what they required. The whole of the valuable magazine plundered by the mob, and gun-carriages burnt for the sake of the iron. Some fighting between the enemy and our sepoy took place; about fifty of the 54th killed and wounded; also Cornet Handyman of the 5th cavalry killed. A great deal of baggage and public property abandoned in cantonments or lost on the road, among which two horse-artillery six-pounders. Officers of the rear-guard report that the road is strewn with baggage, and numbers of men, women, and children have been already obliged to lay behind from being benumbed with cold, and whose fate will be either slavery or death. No camp-equipage, with the exception of two or three small tents being up, the whole of our troops bivouacked all night in the snow, without a particle of wood to light a fire. No encamping ground being marked out, the regiments, as they arrived, knew not where to go, and the whole scene was one of confusion. At about half-past seven the advance-guard moved

off—no order given—no bugle sounded. It had much difficulty in forcing its way a-head of the baggage and camp-followers, all of whom had already proceeded onward: among the latter are several sepoy: discipline is at an end. As the troops advanced on their road, the enemy increased considerably on both flanks, and greatly annoyed the centre and rear columns. Before leaving Cabool it was generally believed to be the general's intention to proceed the first day to Khoord Cabool, and the second to Tezeen, which could easily have been accomplished, had proper arrangements for leaving cantonments been made before hand, as the distance from Cabool to Tezeen is only about 30 miles. Had this been effected, how different would have been the fate of the Cabool army! We should only have been one night and one day and a half in the snow, and we should have escaped our enemy, who the first day was not ready to follow us. It had been the general's intention to proceed through the Khoord Cabool pass to Khoord Cabool; and as it was not above 1 P.M. when the advance arrived at Boodkhak, having only come about five miles, it was with no slight degree of sorrow we got the order to halt, thereby losing one more day, and subjecting our unfortunate troops, already nearly paralysed with cold, to another night of the snow, and with no shelter from this inclement region. On arriving at Boodkhak the enemy had very greatly increased around our position, and we heard that Mahomed Ukhbar Khan was with them. No ground again marked out for the troops—the whole is one mass of confusion. Three-fourths of the sepoy are mixed up with the camp-followers, and know not where to find the head quarters of their corps. Snow one foot deep—no provisions for man or beast procurable—and the people getting water from the river close at hand are fired upon. Numbers of individuals, benumbed with cold, have dropped on the road, to be massacred by the enemy.

8th.—[After some fallacious negotiations.] We commenced our march at about mid-day; the 5th N. I. in front: we had not proceeded half a mile when we were heavily fired upon from the heights at the entrance of the pass, and which increased as we advanced, so that we had to run the gauntlet the whole length of this fearful defile, a distance of about five miles. The advance, although they suffered considerably, was, by comparison with the rear, very fortunate. Here the scene of slaughter was dreadful; all baggage was abandoned; the enemy not only poured in a murderous fire from every rock and cave in the heights on each side, but descended into the pass, sword in hand, and slew man, woman, and child. The whole road, for a space of five miles, was covered with dead and dying; the 37th N. I. lost more than half its men; and other corps in proportion. Even those who remained could scarcely move or hold a musket, from their feet and hands being frost-bitten; and, to add to our miseries, snow began to fall on our arrival at Khoord Cabool. No provisions procurable—snow deeper than at Boodkhak—another night in the snow without shelter—no ground marked out for the troops—scene of confusion same as on two preceding days.

9th.—Before sunrise, the same confusion as yesterday. This is now the fourth day that our cattle have had no food; and our men are starved with cold and hunger. Our present position being one of imminent peril, a proposition was made to the sirdar to permit the ladies and their families to go over to him for protection: to this he assented; and they

accordingly proceeded under escort, at about mid-day, to a fort about a coss distant, in which Mahomed Ukhbar had taken up his temporary abode. Immediately after their departure, Anderson's Horse, with the exception of about eighty men, went over in a body to the sirdar. We have no means of carrying on the sick, as all our dooly-bearers deserted or were murdered the first day. The whole of our camels and yabooos have been either seized by the enemy, or by our camp-followers; and even were they forthcoming, we have not a man to look after them. The greatest confusion prevailed all day; and anxiety and suspense for our ultimate fate intense. Every man among us thought, that ere many hours should pass, he was doomed to die either by cold, hunger, or the sword of our enemies; for if attacked, although we might for a short time hold out, nothing could eventually save us. After our return to camp in the morning, commanding officers of regiments managed to collect, on an average, sixty files per corps; but numbers of these could with difficulty hold a musket. Several men were frozen to death during the night.

10th.—The same scene of confusion as yesterday. Hundreds of poor wretches (men and women), who had not been fortunate enough to seize any animal to carry them, or, having done so, had been dispossessed of them by others stronger than themselves, were left to die like dogs on the road, or to be butchered by the enemy; the sight was fearful. The Afghans were commencing, early as it was, to make their appearance on the hills. On our arrival at Tungee-taneeke, a very narrow gorge about ten feet broad, and two miles distant from our last ground, the height was taken possession of by the enemy, who fired down incessantly upon us. The height was quite inaccessible from the road. The snow increasing in depth as we advanced, our progress was necessarily slow, and many a poor fellow was knocked over. After getting through the pass (not above fifty yards in length) we continued our march to Kubber-i-Jubbar, where we halted till we should be joined by the rear. Latterly, we had not seen an Afghan except at a distance. Being always ready to catch at the least glimmering of hope, we trusted the worst of our march was over; our horror can, therefore, scarcely be imagined when some stragglers from the rear came up, and informed us that they were the remnant of the rear column, almost every man of which had either been killed or wounded. We had now not a sepoy remaining of the whole Cabool force. It appears that a desperate attack had been made by a body of Afghans sword in hand; our men being already paralysed with cold and hunger made no resistance, or scarcely any, but threw away their arms and accoutrements, and fell a sacrifice to our barbarian foe. We all gave ourselves up for lost; every particle of baggage was gone; our small remnant consisted of about 70 file of the Queen's 44th, 50 of the 5th cavalry, and one 6-pounder. We again commenced our fearful march, the remnant of the camp-followers, with several officers who had been wounded, going on ahead. After proceeding about five miles without seeing any enemy, we arrived (having come down a very steep and long descent) at the bed of the Tezeen nullah. Having no conveyance for the sick and wounded, we had been obliged to leave on the road all such as could not come on. On our arrival at the dip into the bed of the nullah the scene was horrible; the ground was again covered with dead and dying, among whom were several officers, who, as before stated, had gone on ahead of the column, and, having been sud-

denly attacked, were instantly massacred. We here observed the enemy crowding on the tops of the hills from all directions, down the bed of the nullah through which our route lay, for about three miles. We continued our progress through one continued fire from the heights on both sides, until arrival in Tezeen valley at about half-past four P.M. Our descent into the valley from the top of the Huft Kotul was, I should think, at least 2000 feet ere we had got out of the region of snow. Here I should compute our troops and camp-followers at about 4000 individuals; having lost by one means or other since leaving Cabool, four days ago, 13,000 people. The general then decided, weak and famished as the troops were, and as there was no prospect of provisions being had at Tezeen, on again marching at 7 P.M., and proceeding, if possible, through the Jugdulluck pass by eight or nine the next morning. In fact, in this consisted our only means of safety; for if intimation of our approach should reach Jugdulluck, the pass would be taken possession of, and the general's object defeated. As the camp-followers had all along been the bane of our unfortunate force, we were in hope that, by moving off quickly, we might manage to leave them behind; but no sooner had we started than the whole of them that could move accompanied us. We left our only remaining gun behind. Dr. Cardew, who had been mortally wounded this day at the dip into the Tezeen nullah, was abandoned to his fate, and laid on the gun-carriage to await death, which was rapidly approaching. He was found dead next morning by Mahomed Ukhbar's people. The night was fine and moonlight. We reached Seh Baba at about midnight. At this place a few shots were fired upon us; and our rear being attacked, the whole of the 44th Queen's, with exception of about nine files to form our advance, were ordered there, and thus the column remained till arrival at Jugdulluck. We had now been marching, or rather hunted like wild beasts, for twenty-four hours consecutively, and still had upwards of ten weary miles to trudge ere we could hope for the least repose. On being joined by the rear we again continued our march; the enemy, in small numbers, watching every opportunity to murder those who should stray from the column. On arrival at within two miles of Jugdulluck, the descent into the valley of which commences, we observed the hills on each side the road were occupied by the enemy, who, with their long jezails, fired upon us the whole way, and again the road was covered with dead and dying. We were so thick a mass that every shot told on some part or other of our column. On arrival in the valley we (the advance) took up a position on the first height we came to, near some ruined walls. As scarcely any Europeans of the advance now remained, and the enemy were increasing, the general called several officers, about twenty of us, to form line and shew a front. We had scarcely done so, when my friend Captain Grant, assistant-adjutant-general (afterwards killed at Gundamuck), who was next to me, received a ball through his cheek, which broke his jaw. I lifted him off his horse, and seated him on the ground. On the arrival of the rear-guard, which was followed up by the enemy, the latter took possession of two heights close to our position. For security we went within the ruined walls, our men almost maddened with hunger and thirst. Some snow was on the ground, which we greedily devoured; but, instead of quenching, it increased our thirst. A stream of clear pure water was running at the foot of, and within 150 paces of, our position;

but no man could venture down without a certainty of being massacred. For about half an hour we had a respite from the fire of the enemy, who were watching our proceedings. I was desired by the general to see if any bullocks or camels were procurable among the followers. I luckily found three of the former, which were instantly killed, served out to the Europeans, and as instantly devoured, although raw and still reeking with blood.

[More negotiation and deception ensued; the murders continuing to be perpetrated without intermission. The sirdar's sole object was to procure the evacuation of Jellalabad and the total destruction of the invaders. He caajoed General Elphinstone, Major Pottinger, Capt. Thomson, &c., at a conference; feasted them, but kept them prisoners, being completely in his power, and obliged to submit to whatever he dictated; and next day, January 13th, we read:]

13th.—At 8 A.M. we mounted our horses, and, in company with the sirdar and his party, rode down the pass, which bore fearful evidence to the struggle of last night. We passed some 200 dead bodies, among whom were several Europeans,—the whole stripped stark naked, and covered with large gaping wounds. As the day advanced, several poor wretches of Hindostanee camp-followers, who had escaped the massacre of last night, began to make their appearance from behind rocks within caves, where they had taken shelter, as well from the murderous knives of the Afghans as from the inclement climate. They had all been stripped of every thing they possessed, and scarcely a man could crawl even a few yards. The whole of my servants and chuprasses have been massacred, except two khidmulgars, who crawled up to me during the day. The one has his feet and hands frostbitten, and a fearful sword-cut across his hand, and a musket-ball in his stomach; the other has his right-arm cut completely through the bone,—and both without the slightest covering, and had not tasted food for five days. This is but a sample of those who have survived.

[The sequel is soon told:] The night following the evening on which the General, Brigadier Shelton, and self, left the troops for the purpose of proceeding to the sirdar's bivouac, was passed in comparative quiet. Our men were so worn out with fatigue and thirst, that it was scarcely possible for them to take their tour of sentry: the only incident that broke the stillness of the night was an occasional shot, or the cry of the sentry that the enemy were walking off with the horses that strayed from their pickets. No sooner was it, however, dawn, on the 12th, than the bivouac was again surrounded by Ghilzees, who increased as the day advanced. The hills were again covered with them; and they, with their jezails, kept up an incessant fire on our men, killing and wounding hundreds. At about 9 A.M., as almost all the officers of H. M. 44th were either wounded or killed, Capt. Bygrave (paymaster to the army of the Indus) gallantly volunteered his services, with a small party of that regiment, to charge and drive off the enemy. They succeeded to admiration; but being obliged to return to their former position, the heights were again taken possession of. It was about this time that Major Thane and Captain Skinner observed two men coming in the direction of the bivouac. They went out to meet them, the latter thinking they might have been sent by the sirdar to himself. The men approached close to the officers, took no notice of Major Thane; but one of them

took a deliberate aim at Skinner with a pistol, and broke his jaw. He died in three or four hours afterwards. At 1 P.M., Major Thane and Lieut. Wade of the 44th Queen's, headed another party of that corps to again charge the enemy, who had now increased to some thousands. A second time were the latter compelled to run; but in this affair Major Thane was wounded in the face, and Lieut. Wade killed. The day at length passed away. Our troops had now been without food for three days, and without water for forty hours. None of the former had been sent to them as promised to me by the sirdar; nor, although so near to them, could a man approach the stream to drink. Numbers of our men had fallen since sunrise. With the exception of one note from myself, no information of the general or brigadier had been received. By remaining longer in their present position death was inevitable. Brigadier Anquetil commanding, towards the evening determined therefore upon continuing the retreat. As it became dusk, the Europeans were silently warned to be ready. At about 7 P.M., they descended the hill—the camp-followers again being on the alert to follow them. They had not proceeded many yards, when, with savage yells, the Ghilzees were in the midst of them. The night being dark, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes. Almost all the camp-followers were cut up without resistance. To proceed onward, regardless of the fate of those who fell, whether dead or dying, was the only chance of escape left to the survivors. Some officers who had been wounded, and unable to come on, had been left at the last ground (before morning they were all dead); others had lost their horses, and were obliged to walk. Our troops at length got to the top of the pass, where a barrier of trees and bushes had been formed across the road. The Ghilzees were lying in wait for the result among the hills. This was soon apparent. The greatest confusion ensued; again were the horrible yells of the enemy heard, and again were more victims added to those that had already fallen. Onward was still the word; about a mile further a second barrier was encountered, and the results similar to those of the former,—the enemy still pursuing, in increased numbers, close upon the rear. When near Soorkhab, some officers, seeing all chance of escape was over, pushed on by themselves for Jellalabad, every one of whom, with the exception of Dr. Brydon, were killed. These (among whom was Captain Hopkins of the 6th Shah's) had reached within sight of Jellalabad when attacked and massacred. The remnant of the soldiers and officers decreased as they advanced. At about daybreak they arrived at Gundamuck, the computed number being about 20 officers, and 45 European soldiers, and no Hindostanees. Here was a fresh body of the enemy to be encountered. Every bit in the country had poured forth its inhabitants to murder and plunder. Our men had not above one or two rounds of ammunition left. They still, though so small a band, were determined never to surrender to their enemies while a spark of life remained. Their numbers were as 1 to 100; most of them were already wounded. A messenger from the chief of the district arrived, and inquired for the senior officer. This was Major Griffiths of the 37th N.I., who accompanied the messenger, in the hope of persuading him to exert his influence to save the lives of the small but gallant band of Europeans that still remained. Ere, however, the major had reached the chief, the enemy had called upon the Europeans to surrender, and give up their arms. They refused to do

so. An attempt was then made by a few to take the latter by force. This was resisted—blows were exchanged. A contest between the two parties was thus brought on. A rush was made by the infuriated and savage mob. Further resistance was of no avail; and in the space of five minutes every man, with the exception of Captain Souter of the 44th Queen's, who had wrapped round him his regimental colours, and five soldiers taken prisoners, was massacred. Thus perished, after unheard-of sufferings, the remnant of an army that had left Cabool seven days previously, composed of 3500 fighting men and 14,000 camp-followers.

(Signed) H. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRONOMETER-THERMOMETER.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

82 Strand, 8th February, 1843.

SIR,—Your journal of the 8th October, 1842, having been the first to notice my recent discovery, that the variation in the inertia in the compensation-balance of a chronometer did not follow the same law, at different temperatures, as the variation in the tension of the balance-spring, induces me to forward to you some remarks, which, bearing on the same point, I hope you will insert in your valuable *Gazette*, and which, I am of opinion, require publicity, particularly as the instrument to which I am about to allude is becoming generally attached to public observatories both in England and abroad. The instrument is called a *chronometrical thermometer*. Its purpose is to determine, by means of an observation of its gain or loss, the aggregate temperatures during a certain interval of time by an indication of the sum of all the effects produced by every variation of temperature that may occur during that interval—obviating the trouble of recording intermediate observations of temperatures—affording a more accurate determination of what is usually called the mean temperature—and dispensing with the calculation of an arithmetical mean. In estimating the whole effect of temperature during any interval of time by the two methods,—viz. 1st, by the chronometrical thermometer; 2dly, by a number of observed temperatures,—the former estimation will vary from the truth, as given by the latter method, as much as the area of any curved figure, determined by as many ordinates as there are observed temperatures, differs from the true area of the figure. I now propose, sir, a correction for this error of the chronometrical thermometer. But perhaps, sir, it will not be considered as digressing from the subject, if a short explanation be given of the action of the present adjusting-balance of that instrument. Its construction is precisely the reverse of the usual compensation-balance of the chronometer; and while in the chronometer the effect produced by a change of temperature in the *tension and length* of the balance-spring is corrected by means of a proportional variation in the inertia of the compensation-balance, in the chronometrical thermometer this variation in the inertia, instead of compensating for the effect of change of temperature on the balance-spring, *increases* the effect to at least double the amount. It is clear that by such an arrangement for a chronometrical thermometer the variations in the inertia, and consequently in its going at high temperatures, would be so great compared with the corresponding changes in the temperatures as not to exhibit the relation which is essential. In other words, the changes of rate in the chro-

nometer thermometer would not be proportional to the changes of temperature. As all meteorological instruments are of great importance, the method I propose to correct the errors which I have stated to exist in the above instrument, is the using a balance which will vary the inertia in the least possible degree. The principle of such an instrument may be fairly said to depend *alone upon the varying tension and elongation of the balance-spring*. The balance-spring I use is hardened and tempered steel, of the length of 11 inches, thickness 0.008, and breadth 0.024; the balance to be a disc of glass, having upright studs on each side, with adjusting-screws to bring it to time,—say at 32° Fahr.,—and the number of vibrations to be 14,400 per hour, when the instrument keeps mean time. This done, it would lose at 100° about 6 minutes, which quantity, divided by the difference, viz. 68 deg., would give the variation in time, which amounts to upwards of 2 seconds for each degree of the thermometer. This arrangement will give a diminished amount in the effect produced by temperature in the instrument; but while it does not give so great a difference, yet the effect will be nearly proportionate to the temperature, as is evident by the following table; and while it shews the principle on which a chronometrical register can be made, it at the same time shews that the tension varies very nearly as the temperature. The experiment was made with a glass disc and a steel balance-spring.

| Thermometer. | Hourly rate. |
|----------------|--------------|
| 32° | + 5.74" |
| 66° | — 1.80" |
| 100° | — 10.30" |

A balance-spring made of gold would give a greater difference in time from 32° to 100°; but that metal, on account of the alloy, is not so perfect in its expansion, neither is it so regular in its performance, as the hardened and tempered steel.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ED. J. DENT.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

By the arrival of Lieut. McMurdo, of the *Terror*, from the Falkland Islands, very gratifying news has been received of the expedition under Captain James Ross. Lieut. McMurdo, it may be remembered, is the gallant officer who was locked up with Captain Back near Southampton Island, when they went in search of the missing Sir John Ross in the Arctic Seas. He reports that all the objects undertaken by our far more eminent and distinguished commander, Captain James Ross, and his gallant associates, have been triumphantly accomplished. The *Terror*, and *Erebus*, Captain Crozier, proceeded on their second voyage southward; and keeping nearly between the same meridians as before, 177° to 180°, again examined the lands discovered the preceding season, and which terminated in a lofty mountain. We believe that in this course they ascertained the magnetic pole where it was anticipated, and pursued their perilous way till they penetrated to the highest southern latitude ever seen by mortal eye, namely, the 80th degree!!! Captain Weddell, we think, arrived at somewhere about four degrees short of this extraordinary achievement, and went out on his bowsprit, that he might say he had been farther south than any other human being.

As the brief notices, copied chiefly from provincial papers into the London journals, are incorrect, we may state that since the departure of the expedition from England, four

men have been lost on board the *Erebus*; two, if we mistake not, by accidents. At the Falkland Islands all were well and in great spirits; and Capt. Ross being thoroughly refitted, sailed for the track of Capt. Weddell, and would, he expected, be able to ascertain the geographical condition of the earth in that direction. Having navigated this opposite portion of the antarctic circle, it is hoped that he may return in safety home by the month of May; when doubtless one other worthy knighthood at least will be conferred as the reward of gallantry and merit of the foremost order.

We have seen some specimens of natural history from the highest region which the expedition reached. Two beautiful gulls, about the size of the smaller sea-mew familiar on our coasts, of the purest white, like plumes of drifted snow, and having black legs and feet, have been shewn to us, and are the only creatures observed there, with the exception of fish, of which some were caught. Both birds and fish were full of shrimps, the common food of air and water. We were also shewn a larger beautiful bird of the same species from the Falkland Isles, with lavender-coloured wings, a rose-coloured breast, and a black head. Lieut. M'Murdo has also brought valuable specimens of grasses, seeds, &c. &c. from the Falkland Isles and other strange lands; and samples of geology from the farthest south; one we looked at, apparently a conglomerate, and the other of a coarse, slaty character. We wait anxiously for more information; but trust that these particulars, hastily gathered on the eve of publication, will be interesting to every reader.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 10.—Mr. Grove, "On the gaseous voltaic battery," or perhaps more appropriately, on the chemical *versus* the contact theory of voltaic electricity, the gaseous battery the crowning evidence. The advocate in this case, after a happy quotation and suitable amplification thereon, proceeded to establish the four following positions:—1st, that without chemical there was no voltaic action; 2d, that voltaic action is increased in the same ratio with chemical; 3d, if voltaic be arrested, chemical action is so likewise; and 4th, many, possibly all, chemical actions are convertible into voltaic. We need not recapitulate the numerous and credible witnesses brought forward: the chief for each, and severally, were the contact-plates, with a ring of paper between, as described in *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1357, p. 39,—the nitric-acid battery,—platina, zinc, and sulphate of copper, inert, but active, and metallic deposition occurring when the circuit is made,—and the behaviour of gold leaves in acids; a strip in nitric acid and another in muriatic, separated by a porous diaphragm; no action in either until contact be made of the two strips, then chemical results, and simultaneously the deviation of the needle of a galvanometer. The last position, moreover, was attested by Mr. Grove's recent discoveries of gaseous union producing voltaic action, and supported by exhibition of the gaseous battery (for description see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1350, page 833), fully realising chemical, magnetic, calorific, and physiological effects. This discovery cannot be too highly appreciated; its simplicity and beauty are peculiarly striking; and its action is a perfect illustration of quantitative synthesis and analysis. The composition, decomposition, and recombination and decomposition again, of water, are most pleasing to behold and contemplate. The exact amount of the separate gases in the several pairs, when

the circuit is complete, selecting, attracting their respective elements, forming water in each inverted tube, and conducting the secret and wonderful influence to the terminal tube, realises the same amount of gases liberated there. No loss occurs; no new substance is formed. By the curious power platinum possesses of approximating the gaseous molecules does combination ensue; hence chemical action, and hence voltaic. Mr. Grove stands in a singular position: he is the inventor of the most powerful voltaic battery at present known in the series of metals and liquid electrolytes; and he is also the discoverer of the incipient combination of a new series. Incipient, because the fact being established by him, doubtless other arrangements, and perhaps more energetic ones, of gases that chemically combine, will be duly brought forward. But we are forgetting the case chemical *v.* contact theory. We admit that the proceedings were *ex parte*; yet so ample and so conclusive appeared the evidence, and so fairly advocated withal, that we predicate, that preconceived opinions and prejudiced minds could alone refuse to record a verdict for the plaintiff.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 8.—Read the following papers:—The 1st, by Prof. Donovan, "On the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the methods proposed for the preparation of cyanide of potassium, and of extemporaneous prussic acid. The 2d, by Mr. G. Gardiner, "On some facts in the therapeutic uses and chemical constitution of calomel." Calomel has been found to act as an irritant poison, and also, in very large doses, to have produced effects which have led to its being denominated a *sedative*. Mr. Gardiner was led to believe that the irritant effects of his calomel arose from some difference in its physical state. And he resolved to try a new specimen, which was whiter in colour and considerably less in gravity; and, in order to ensure its minute division, he had it triturated for a long time with an equal quantity of chalk. The result was, that a totally different effect followed its use in cases, for instance, of brain-irritation in children; instead of adding to the irritation, the first effect of a large dose—two, three, or more grains for an infant—was always what is called *sedative*. Being desirous of ascertaining by what process the fine white, light calomel was prepared, Mr. Gardiner wrote to Mr. Davy, the maker, who informed him, that his method of making chloride of mercury consisted in forming the sulphate in the usual manner, and after mixture with chloride of sodium, subjecting it to distillation into a dry chamber, repeating the process two, three, or more times, until the chloride comes over quite white, and entirely free from perchloride. The advantages of this process Mr. Davy considers to be, its avoiding the powdering and washing, and yet obtaining a perfectly pure chloride in the state of an impalpable powder of a very white colour.—The 3d, by Dr. Pereira, entitled "Notice of a Chinese article of the materia medica, called Summer-plant-winter-worm." This natural production is partly animal, partly vegetable. It consists of a caterpillar, out of whose neck grows a vegetable (a fungus, or mushroom). The Chinese appear to regard it as partaking at one season of the animal, at another of the vegetable nature. Du Halde calls it *Hia tsao long ichong*, that is, summer-plant-winter-worm. Mr. Reeve, to whom Dr. Pereira was indebted for some specimens of it, says that it is better known at Canton, in the common dialect, as

Tong chong ha cho, which means winter-worm-summer-plant. This name, it will be perceived, consists of the same words differently spelt and transposed. In Japan it is called *Totsu Kuso*. In Rees's *Cyclopaedia* there is a brief notice of it under the name of *Hiastalomtehom*, which is intended to mean *Heau tsau long chong* (summer-plant-winter-worm). Mr. Reeve states, that it is brought to Canton tied up in bundles, each containing about a dozen individuals. Each individual is about three inches (a little more or less) long. About one-half of it is a caterpillar of the usual cylindrical form, and having a light yellowish-brown colour. The head, neck, segments of the body, and legs, are all distinctly recognisable. Projecting from the back part of the neck is a slender club-shaped body. This is the fungus. It is, the Dr. thinks, a species of *Spheria*, and is closely allied to the *Spheria entomorrhiza*. The lepidopterous insect, on whose larva this fungus grows, has not at present been determined. Mr. Doubleday, of the zoological department of the British Museum, who has very carefully examined a very perfect larva, is of opinion, that the insect is a species of *agrotis*. Du Halde says, that the insect-fungus is scarce, and that at Pekin it is considered to be a foreign production. "It grows," he adds, "in Thibet; but it is found also, though in small quantity, on the frontiers of the province of Se tchen, which borders on Thibet or Laza." Thunberg states, with regard to the opinions of the Chinese as to its medical properties and uses, that it is reputed to possess cordial virtues. According to Du Halde, its properties are considered to be similar to those of *ging sing*. It strengthens and renovates the powers of the system which have been reduced either by over-exertion or long sickness. The physicians of the Emperor of China stated that they used it only at the palace, on account of its scarcity. Black, old, and rotten specimens cost four times their weight of silver. The mode of employing it is very curious. The belly of a duck is to be stuffed with five drachms of the insect-fungus, and the bird roasted by a slow fire. When done, take out the insect-fungus, the virtue of which will have passed into the duck's flesh. The latter is to be eaten twice a day for eight or ten days.

Parasitic fungus, from New Zealand. *Spheria Robertsii*.—Another fungus, very analogous to the Chinese one, has within the last few years been discovered in New Zealand. It grows from the back of the neck of a dead caterpillar. The fungus is a species of *Spheria*, which has been denominated the *Spheria Robertsii*. It is six or eight inches long; dark or blackish, hard, with an elongated flexuous stipe, which though simple in all the specimens yet examined, presents an appearance of being occasionally branched. The head or capitulum of the fungus is elongated, acuminate, and vermiform. The root of the fungus is imbedded in the head and part of the body of the caterpillar. The lepidopterous insect, on whose larva this fungus grows, is not uncommon in New Zealand. It is found only at the root of the rata tree (*Metrosideros robusta*),—a myrtaceous plant. Diefenbach suggests, that the insect is a species of sphink which feeds on the sweet potatoe (*Convolvulus batatas*); but the absence of any spine or horn on the last segment of the larva is an objection to this suggestion. Mr. Doubleday, of the British Museum, thinks that it may be *Hepialus virescens*, which is found at the root of the rata tree. He has a caterpillar apparently identical with that on which the fungus grows, and which is believed to be the larva of the *Hepi-*

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alus virescens. The paper was illustrated by drawings of those vegeto-animals, which will doubtless appear in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. The paper of the evening was, the details of a journey to the source of the Takatu river, in British Guayana, by Mr. Schomburgk; but as the reading of the paper, owing to its great length, was not terminated, and is to be continued at the next meeting, we postpone till then our report of it.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 14.—The president in the chair. Mr. Pole farther explained his paper "On the comparative friction of beam and direct-action steam-engines," the nature and objects of which had not been fully understood in the former evening; and illustrated the mode of analytical reasoning by which he had arrived at his conclusions.

A paper was read, describing a new mode of making malleable iron direct from the ore at one process, invented by Mr. Clay, and used at the Shirva works, near Kirkintulloch, Scotland. A mixture of dry hematite, or other rich iron ore, is ground up fine with about four-tenths of its weight of small coal, and allowed to pass gradually through a hopper into an oven adjoining, and forming part of a species of puddling-furnace, into which a given quantity is drawn at stated times, when thoroughly and uniformly heated. The charge is then puddled in the usual manner, but with less labour than when working plate-iron; and in about an hour and a half the iron is produced in a malleable state, fit for shingling and rolling into bars. The quality was stated to be superior to the cable-bolts or best iron, and the saving of fuel to be very considerable. This iron when converted into steel, and worked by Mr. Heath's plan of uniting manganese in the process, produced a cast-steel which possessed the property of welding or uniting to iron; and in consequence all the cutlery formerly made of shear-steel was now made of cast-steel. The cast-iron produced from the scoriae, or refuse slag of this process, is valued in consequence of the absence of phosphoric acid, which is ordinarily present in the limestone used as a flux in the blast furnace. Thus Mr. Clay's invention affords a means of bringing into work the comparatively unopened mines of hematite of rich quality existing in Lancashire, Devonshire, and Cornwall; and if, as asserted, the iron made good steel, England would be rendered independent of Sweden, whence all the iron for converting into steel was now imported.

The new papers announced to be read at the next meeting were:—"Description of the American engine Philadelphia, used on the Birmingham and Gloucester railway," by G. D. Bishopp; and of "Lieut. D. Rankine's spring-contractor for suiting the action of the spring of railway-carriages to variable loads," by W. J. M. Rankine.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 8.—Mr. Esquilant explained his method of making architectural and other ornaments of leather. The process employed is to prepare metal moulds of the separate leaves, petals, and other parts of which the flowers to be represented are composed; the leather, of the required thickness, is then to be cut to the proper form of the leaf, petal, &c., and afterwards soaked for a day or two in a solution of

resin and common oil of turpentine; when the leather is fully impregnated with the liquor, it is taken out, carefully wiped, and then cold-pressed in the mould with sufficient force to give it the intended figure. The subject was fully illustrated by numerous specimens in imitation of the carvings in wood by Gibbons, and other artists of the last century.

2. Mr. Whishaw read the first part of a paper "On the application of electricity to the arts and manufactures of the country." The immediate subject of the communication read to the meeting this evening was, the application of electricity to the transmission of signals by means of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph, already in daily use on the Blackwall, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Manchester and Leeds railways. By the extensive experiments lately made by Mr. Cooke near Blackheath, he is enabled to lay down the telegraph at something like half the original cost,—the iron tubing for protecting the wires from injury being dispensed with, and the insulated wires suspended from either wooden or iron standards, 9 feet in height, ranged at convenient intervals, along the Great Western Railway. The telegraphic instruments used on the Blackwall Railway, on which 2500 signals are daily given, as also of the instruments used on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, were illustrated by drawings.

3. Todd's portable hatching-apparatus was described; its recommendations are—its portability, the slight attendance required, and the small weekly cost of keeping up the necessary temperature.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Feb. 9.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. C. Swainson, Worcester College, grand compounder; Rev. W. P. Graham, taberner of Queen's College; Rev. J. Barclay, Christ Church; Rev. C. H. Sale, Brasenose College; J. H. Nicolls, Oriel College; Rev. T. C. Maule, Rev. A. B. C. Starkey, fellows of St. John's College; C. T. Arnold, Magd. Hall; Rev. J. Cave-Browne, Wadham College; Rev. H. A. Giraud, scholar of Worcester College.
Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. H. Edwards, Lincoln Coll.; M. C. M. Swabey, H. Cotton, W. A. Buckland, C. W. Wynn, students, R. Corbett, E. W. Oswell, W. S. McDouall, T. D'Oyly, Christ Church; R. Simpson, Oriel College; G. Prothero, H. Tindal, Brasenose College; H. A. Box, R. Trimmer, scholars of Wadham College; T. R. J. Laugharne, Jesus Coll.; R. Atkinson, St. John's College; C. W. Wilcock, Balliol College; J. F. Morgan, Worcester College; T. Pantin, scholar of Pembroke College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 9.—Lord Mahon in the chair. Read:—1. A communication from Mr. C. R. Smith, embodying a report by the Rev. E. G. Walford on a recent discovery at Marston Hill, Northamptonshire, of a large number of skeletons, with which were exhumed a variety of circular and cruciform bronze and gilt fibulae, beads of amber and glass, and instruments of war, together with urns containing burnt bones,—the greater portion of which was exhibited to the society by Sir H. Dryden. Mr. Smith considers these remains to belong to the early Anglo-Saxon period. 2. An account by Mr. W. Chaffers, jun., of the discovery of portion of a grave-stone, in Purbeck marble, near St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield. The inscription, in Norman French, of which only the beginning and termination are preserved, is to the memory of HWE DE HEN . . . or Hugh de Hen . . . doubtless the Prior Hugh who is mentioned by Dugdale as having been elected prior in 1295, but whose surname is not recorded. Mr.

Chaffers stated, that in all probability the other part of the stone had been carted away as rubbish, and that the remaining part would soon share the fate of similar monuments found in the city during the late excavations for sewers and for "city-improvements." 3. A paper by Mr. Akerman on a discovery of sepulchral urns in a tumulus in Iffing's Wood, about two miles south-east of Canterbury, which, from their extremely rude fabric and the total absence of ornaments or implements of war, the writer considered may probably be assigned to the Britons after their defeat by Cæsar, the site of whose victory over Cassibelanus must be fixed to this district, or its immediate vicinity. It was also remarked that this interment bears a striking difference in every point of view from those recently investigated by Mr. Akerman and Lord A. Conyngham on the Breech and Barham Downs, which are proved to be of much later periods.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Ethnological, 8½ P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The Lady and Spaniels. Painted by E. Landseer, Esq.; engraved by T. Landseer, Esq. J. M'Lean.

This pleasing composition of female beauty, and canine character in the playmates of the fair damsel, is, if not one of the highest achievements of the Landseer pallet and burin, at any rate one of great attraction for the admirers of feminine loveliness and animal fidelity. The pretty spaniel is not half so true as his pretty, pretty mistress, reclining in innocent enjoyment amid her favourites; and the group is altogether animated with a gentle spirit, which is agreeable to the mingled idea of gracefulness and repose. The engraving is worthy of T. Landseer, whose etchings are so perfect, that if we offer a remark on his more laboured and finished productions, it would be to say, that in the former the lady's hair must be superior in art and effect to the latter. But what a fault to find with a charming print! We are worse than if we committed a "Rape of the Lock."

Specimens, accompanying a Prospectus of lithographs of (chiefly) Bernese Switzerland, by George Barnard, with all the latest improvements and double tints, to represent the glaciers, &c., have been sent to us by Mr. M'Lean; and we have no hesitation in saying that the portraiture of the magnificent scenes in the Oberland, &c., are here represented with wonderful fidelity, beauty, and artistic effect. The peasant-life and figures introduced are admirably natural.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Saturday a "tragic play" in three acts, by Mr. Robert Browning, the author of *Paracelsus*, was produced here, and with doubtful success, though the audience in general certainly went along with the author. And, indeed, it would have been difficult not

to do so; for albeit some of the scenes and much of the dialogue are too long, there is a sufficient variety and constant moving in the action, which keeps the mind engaged, and prevents it from detecting and dwelling upon the faultiness of the plot. It requires the pause of reflection to feel the full force of the error, and be aware that human nature, physics, and metaphysics, must be outraged, or there would be no play at all. Allowing Mr. Browning his grounds, we are bound to say there are fine marks of genius in the working-out of his conception, and not a few beautiful touches of genuine pathos and poetry—half lines worth a world of declamation. But the grounds slip from under him—there is no critical *locus standi* for the drama of the *Blot on the Scutcheon*. It is, besides, a disagreeable subject. Two young people, but old enough to know better,—*Lord Mertoun* (Anderson), and *Mildred* (Miss Faucit), sister of *Lord Tresham* (Phelps),—have formed an illicit amour; for which the lover makes a lame excuse of extreme youth and profound admiration for his mistress's brother, and to which the lady seems not to be reconciled by any likely process. For the piece opens with Lord Mertoun at last summoning up courage to propose himself as husband to his secret love, and being favourably received by her brother. His joy is excessive, and though late, we hardly care to ask why he did not apply before. His midnight visit to Mildred ensues, and he communicates the happy auspices to her; and then comes the unnatural foundation for all that is to follow. Instead of rejoicing, as all females under similarly untoward circumstances do, that she is about to be made, according to the old saying, "an honest woman," she flies off at a tangent, and declares that she is born to misery and tragedy. It is clear that things are likely to take a bad turn, though the easiest and most certain path is straight to the church, the second or public honeymoon, and a tolerably comfortable life even after the indiscretion of its commencement. An old retainer informs Lord Tresham of Mildred's midnight gallantries, her lamp lighting an unknown stranger to her chamber, and he climbing thereto with Capuletish ardour and alacrity. The "blot" is hit, and the earl is thrown into a vortex of passion. He seeks his sister, and she confesses her frailty, but refuses to give the name of her visitor, simply, as it would seem, because that straight-forward and natural course would have obliged the curtain to drop on a wedding most satisfactory to all parties concerned. Lord Tresham, in consequence, rushes out furiously to inform the other lord of Mildred's infamy (for she has aggravated him by offering to receive Mertoun's proposals)—wanders about till night; meets the incognito lover, and hastily slays him; then tells the news to his sister, who dies thereon; and, finally, gives himself to imperishable remorse or death. Such is the outline of a play, in poetical composition far above the mediocrity of our ordinary writers. But its inherent faults are fatal. No man or woman that ever existed, if they fell into the base position, so improbable too, of this noble-minded young lord and most admirably virtuous young lady, would conduct themselves in the way Mr. Browning paints. Mildred has no reason on earth, when detected in and confessing her folly, for not telling her doating brother the whole truth, saving him from paroxysms of passion, herself from the bitterest denunciations, and, in short—the tragedy from its catastrophe. Miss H. Faucit performed the part tenderly and sweetly; and the scene when

she sinks senseless to the ground on her brother's reproaches, was very effective. Mr. Phelps was unequal. He has too much of violence to deliver, and it occasionally degenerated into rant and hair-tearing. But some portions were excellently done. Anderson was judicious and effective in spite of a dying scene in which his martyrdom of talking, after being mortally hurt, was enough to try the patience of Job. His conversation with his slayer, intermixed with groans and twistings, became almost ludicrous. Two other characters, cousins of Tresham, and his successors in the family blotted out by his rashness, are introduced; but they have not much to do; and so Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Hudson did their best. At the end the applause greatly predominated; but still we cannot promise the Blot that it will not soon be wiped off the stage.*

A new and merry farce, by Mr. M. Morton, followed, and was most perfectly successful. It is called a *Thumping Legacy*, and Keeley is its soul. He is a liveryman of London, and of the true cockney breed, though his father was a Corsican. He is invited to that country to receive the "thumping legacy," which, however, turns out to be only the bequest of a family-feud, which, agreeably to the custom of the Isle from time immemorial, devolves upon him, a Hieronimo, the duty of assassinating a Leoni. His perplexities are great, and they multiply upon him. He is bullied by every man and woman near to whom his lot is cast; and his evasions, trepidations, chucklings, terrors, and triumphs, under all the ills that beset him, kept the house in a roar of laughter from the beginning to the end of the piece. The other characters were ably performed; so that he was well played up to by Mr. W. Bennett, his uncle, an innkeeper; Miss P. Horton, his daughter *Rosetta*; Mr. Hudson, the *Leoni*, and her favoured swain; Mr. Selby, a real Corsican bravo; and Mr. Bennett, a brigadier, the head of a police of at least three strong. Whoever likes a hearty laugh may have it from a *Thumping Legacy*.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The programme for the ensuing season has been advertised by Mr. Lumley, and promises both great talent and great variety in opera and ballet. Several new singers, of continental fame, are announced; and a succession of the most popular dancers.

Covent Garden.—On Monday Mr. Barnard Gregory, editor of the *Satirist* newspaper, essayed the part of *Hamlet* here to an indifferently thin but not indifferently tumultuous and hostile audience. The row was a disgrace to public taste, and ought, we think, never to have been provoked. The Ghost was given up in the second act; and poor Mr. Bartley was tremendously annoyed as the Catspaw of the occasion, though he was only trying to do a duty as stage-manager. The newspapers have been very tender about their *confre* (who is an old actor, and has often trod the boards in town and country); but no one could mistake the folly of presenting a journalist under prosecution for libel,

* It may be convenient here to notice that Mr. Browning is publishing from time to time a series of poetical and dramatic compositions, under the quaint title of *Bells and Pomegranates* (London. E. Moxon), in which there is much to admire as well as to question;—just as in this play. We observe Nos. III. and IV. on our table (Nos. I. and II. being momentarily mislaid, and V., we believe, the "Blot on the Scutcheon"); and dipping into them, find the same sort of mixture of beauty and extravagance, of true poetry and metaphysical maudlin incomprehensibility which disfigured the volume called *Sordello*, from which our taste was so utterly repelled, that we never could bring our minds to read it through. Yet we have to repeat, if Mr. Browning could and would leave off his dreamy stuff, he has the path of better things within him.

and obnoxious, from the nature of his publication, to so much enmity before a mixed assemblage.

Adelphi.—Binks the *Bagman*, a brief farce in one act, by Mr. S. Coyne, has enabled a comical trio, Wright, Bedford, and Wilkinson, to display their humours here; and Mrs. F. Mathews, worthy to represent the other sex against a Cerberus, has put the coping-stone to a merry piece, and added another attraction to this little theatre.

French Plays.—This week the representations have been confined to Mad. Albert's favourite characters. *L'Ami Grandet* went off with as good effect as on former occasions; the coquettish, bewitching widow, *La Duchesse de Langeais*, being played in a very interesting manner. In the pathetic part (the last act) she is not so powerful, yet sufficiently so to produce general applause. Confident of success, she now plays *Madeline Gourju* in a broader, perhaps not so genuine a style as at first, when she was not so secure of her laughter, and did not elbow and knock the other personages about with so much vulgar familiarity. Nevertheless the song, "Mon petit François," met with a rapturous encore; and altogether this vaudeville is a piquant *morceau*. *La Meunière de Marly* is not to English taste: the loves of an aunt and nephew meet with no countenance amongst us, not even in a farce.* The house has been most brilliantly and numerously attended.

St. James's Theatre.—Mr. Braham's second concert was given on Thursday evening; it was nearly a repetition of the first. Both Mr. Braham and his son were in excellent voice, and met with several *encores*. The theatre was both fashionably and fully attended.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Messrs. White and Crouch continue to attract considerable audiences to their vocal entertainment. On Friday, the 10th, "a night with Moore;" in the course of which many of the best songs and ballads of that delightful lyricist were sung with effect. "A night with Lover," too late for our notice this week, presents a most enticing programme.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. THE COCKNEY CATECHISM, OR LONDON ONE LIE!

NO. VII.

A Tea-leaf Fact. Corpses-candles and Coffee. Cocoa and Chocolate.

—Hotel, —Street, Feb. 13.

MADAM,—As you seem to like facts, I beg to inform you that I received a piece of information from you about tea-leaves after use, which I beg to thank you for by a return. You stated that such leaves were bought by tea-dealers, and re-manufactured and resold. Now it happened, not very long ago, that one of our grocers asked me to preserve our tea-leaves for him, and he would allow me twopence a pint for them. I inquired what was the use of them after they had been drawn, and he told me that they made "a certain kind of dye!"

I had not the least notion till I read your paper out of the coffee-room what sort of a dye the rogue wanted to make at twopence the pint from old tea-leaves. They shall help sweep the carpets, or fill the dust-hole, after this time, I assure you. And am, Mem, your obedient servant,

Housekeeper, —Hotel.

* This piece was translated and played as the *Windmill*, at the Haymarket; but, if we remember rightly, the relationship of the parties was changed.

Aunt M. After our last talk, I must say I am glad to have my "facts" so pertinently and immediately confirmed.

Pri. I am only glad that they don't sweep the carpets first with the wet waste tea-leaves, and sell them afterwards. There would be a new kind of tea-dust!

Aunt M. Very good. But here are more curious corroborations. You will observe, that a little candle can throw a considerable light to a great distance, or kindle a fire that might lead to a blazing conflagration.

Pri. Are you going back to the candle-lies?

Aunt M. No, my dear, I was only bringing in a simile, to shew how the candle I have lighted to enlighten you has communicated its flame elsewhere, and is burning about in other quarters, to the enlightening of the world at large.

Phi. I hope they have not wicks impregnated with arsenic?

Pri. Which might, if all's true, be called *corpse-candles*, such as give light to persons with the second-sight in Scotland.

Aunt M. Pooh, nonsense! Listen to me about the reflections of our breakfast-things' illumination.

Both children. Well, well.

Aunt M. I told you (see Catechism, No. VI., last Gazette, p. 93), that the coffee vaunted in shop-window labels was "*burnt rye and chicory*;" and within the short period of one week, I see from Trueman and Cook's "Overland Despatch," that there is a heavy complaint of the "injury done to the revenue by the use of British chicory in adulterating coffee."

Pri. But what is chicory?

Aunt M. It is the wild endive, commonly called succory in the country, which grows so abundantly in our chalk soils, and, indeed, throughout the continent. Its root furnishes the immense supply of mock coffee which passes for real, not only in the multitude of low coffee-shops which now abound in every nook of London, and resorts of temperance associations, but also in almost every place where an article under the name of coffee is vended.

Pri. Is it like coffee, or how is it manufactured?

Aunt M. The roots are cut into pieces, kiln-dried, ground by rollers into a powder, and packed up in papers of different weights. This powder is very like dark ground coffee, only it has a strong smell and taste of liquorice, and has not a particle of the essential oil or flavour of coffee. Yet, as if enough could not be gathered in the fields, this cheap and fraudulent substitute is imported in large quantities from Belgium and Germany.

Phi. The trader then simply takes the price of a dearer article for a cheap one, readily convertible into a likeness, and destitute of its qualities?

Aunt M. Precisely; and well worded. The deterioration of coffee and tea is the more to be regretted, as the use of the genuine beverage is so favourable to sobriety, and other consequences highly beneficial to society. Even as it is, some twenty-five or more millions of lbs. of coffee are annually consumed in Great Britain.

Pri. Besides the chicory, beans, peas, rye, wheat, and—

Aunt M. Parsnips; for they too make tolerable coffee, though rather inferior to Mocha; which port, with all the rest of Arabia, does not export above 10,000 tons to furnish the hundred thousand sold under that denomination in London alone. But to return to the "Overland Despatch;" it states, that the farther in-

quiries are prosecuted, the more it appears that every species of evasion multiplies and increases in extent; and that by means of chicory alone, from three to four thousand tons of coffee have been excluded from consumption, there being a complement of nearly one-fourth of the whole demand.

Pri. Why do not people drink cocoa, if they cannot buy genuine coffee?

Aunt M. The very same tricks are played with cocoa, chocolate, and all the other varieties of breakfast substitutes; and we may truly say in regard to them with Shakspeare,

"Nothing is but is not."

Pri. Don't they get oil from cocoa-nuts for burning in lamps?

Aunt M. Yes; and the refuse kernel, deprived as it is of all nutrition, is not the less suitable to be compounded into sticks and pastes, sold under a variety of quaint names. When we see that even every raw, original, natural production can be imitated and tampered with, we may readily conceive how much more extensive, being far more easy, are the frauds practised on all marketable articles manufactured into shapes of this sort.

Phi. No doubt.

Aunt M. And only think what it is poor people drink either at home or in these slop-shops. Here is

For coffee Chicory or horse-beans.
For sugar Sand and salt, &c.
For milk Whiteness, annatto, &c.
And hot water Quant. suff.

Phi. It is melancholy to think that persons who work hard and require nourishment and wholesome stimulus should be so cheated.

Aunt M. Read this bill. " * * * s Penny Chocolate requires no boiling. One pennyworth will make a pint of the finest flavour."

Phi. That is a lie on the face of it, and should deceive nobody.

Aunt M. But what can the poor do? Where can they go for better treatment? They have not money to buy in larger quantities, and take their chance of procuring what is a little less adulterated.

Pri. Such as "Fine Berberie Coffee, 1s. 8d., formerly 2s."

Phi. Or "Soluble Cocoa, 2½d. the packet, or four packets for 9d. Each packet makes two quarts of strong mixture."

Aunt M. Or "Fine flaked Cocoa at 8d. per lb." Cocoa and chocolate-paste are made thus: the cocoa-nibs are first thrown on to the dirty floor of the warehouse, and bruised by rolling a half-hundred weight over them. They are then ground, in a metal mill, tolerably fine; afterwards mixed with bullocks' blood, any kind of suet, and some saccharine matter, and again ground in a mill made for the purpose. Some of this mixture is taken off in thin layers, and is the "*fine flaked cocoa*" of the market; and most of the remainder is potted into chocolate-paste; whilst the refuse is dried and sold in cheap powders.

Pri. There is also "The finest Grenada Cocoa, only 8d."

Phi. And "Vanilla Chocolate at 1s. per stick."

Aunt M. Vanilla, indeed! For Vanilla, read *flour and Castile soap*; of which consists more than half the chocolate manufactured and consumed in England. The Spaniards and Spanish Americans themselves mix the confection with sugar and maize, and it is a most nutritious article; but there are not more than from one to two thousand pounds of it imported into England. The rest of our shop-supply is the cocoa-nut made into a paste, cake, or stick with the soap, which you may see shining in

pretty globules on the surface of the liquid in any cup where it is infused.

Pri. Why, it is a perfect hog-wash!

Phi. Aye, soap must be a wash.

Aunt M. But not wanted for the inside of our throats.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WINTER-STORM.

[THE following beautiful lines are from the pen of Miss Rhoda Maria Willan, a young lady who has announced a volume of poems, entitled *The Flower-Girl*, &c., under very distinguished patronage; many of the most celebrated *literati* of the age having already put down their names for copies.]

THE rains of night, how fast they flow!

Flowers are fading, leaves are low—

Hurrying wildly on they blow,

With the rough winds as they go,

Moaning and sighing to and fro.

O, how dreary all appears

As the dismal tempest nears!

And my eyes are filled with tears

When I think of coming years,—

Dark and dim with clouds and fears.

Weary against the window-pane

Beats and drips the heavy rain;

Now the blast blows keen again,

Rustling o'er the bleak cold plain,

Filling my very heart with pain.

Naked, desolate, and bare

Is my heart, and full of care,

For a tempest has been there;

And if it looks on what is fair,

It sighs! for that it cannot share.

The morn of life has all the flush

Of pleasure's glowing smile and blush;—

Glad sounds that sorrow soon will hush;

For still the winds will sweep and rush,

And where the av'lanche falls 'twill crush.

Ah, woe is me! it could not last,

For all my happiness is past;

Slowly it came, but faded fast;

Away—for ever it is cast,

Leaving but thee, thou bitter blast!

VARIETIES.

Perrygrain Gravitating Inkstand, No. II.—No. 2 ought to be *Number One*, if ingenuity, and novelty, and neatness of construction, are merits in an inkstand. The machine is very simple,—a revolving cylinder of bronze,—and admits of the last drop being readily drained; though, when overflowing to the brim, the task of spilling even a penful could hardly be achieved.

Caricatures.—The Duke's pointed "Take care, take care," addressed to Lord Lansdowne in the House of Peers, was too effective to escape H. B., who has made an excellent subject of it, under the title of "Friendly Warning." His Grace is mounted on a wall, inscribed "Bill-stickers, beware," in spite of which Lord Lansdowne is just going to post "*Impeachment of Lord Ellenborough*." The other bill-stickers, evidently frightened, are Sir J. Hobhouse and Lord Auckland. The characters are all very laughable. The second piece is "*Lord Brougham holding up the olive-branch to France and England*." Our Queen and the King of the French on either side, as two sovereigns of Brentford, are looking inimitably at the gaunt figure and stern countenance of the pedagogue.

Miss Milford.—An advertisement in another part of our *Gazette* candidly states the case of this most amiable and highly gifted lady; who, with a filial piety which would have obtained statues in elder times, has devoted fortune, health, and life, for the quarter of a century, to uphold the station, promote the happiness, and, finally, to soothe the bed of sickness and death of a beloved father. To this great duty she has sacrificed her independence—her all; and the influential friends, whose names appear in this appeal, have stepped forward to invoke public sympathy, not only for distinguished literature, but for eminent virtue, in

need of the world's assistance. It would be to libel the English nation to suppose that it would not be amply afforded for every desirable purpose.

The Literary Fund.—The Emperor of Russia has presented a thousand silver roubles (above 130*l.*) to the *Literary Fund*. The King of Prussia had shewn a good example in a similar donation to a Society which does not limit its succours to its own country alone, but extends them to the suffering man of letters and genius of all nations. We are informed that a very handsome and feeling letter, from the Russian ambassador, Count Brunow, gave additional grace to this imperial donation.

Mr. Barry, the architect, has been elected a member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke. This, like the election of Mr. McCulloch by the French Academy (in the department of Political and Moral Sciences), is a gratifying proof of the station occupied by English literature and genius among the learned and liberal in foreign lands. These, as well as Mr. Thomas Wright's recent election in Paris, are among the highest honours that can be bestowed; and in the *trio* we have named we see recognised the claims of our country and the living fame of contemporaries (with whom it is our happiness to associate in friendly and intellectual enjoyments) as among the foremost men of the age in splendid architecture, instructive modern knowledge, and delightful ancient letters.

The Baron de la Motte-Fouqué, the author of *Undine*, died recently at Berlin, aged 66; and

Richard Carille, notorious for years in London as the publisher of profane tracts, lectures, &c. &c., died last week in poverty. It is stated that his later life was not marked by the infidelity of his former opinions. [A friend tells us, that the anatomising which he prescribed for his corpse, as performed at St. Thomas's Hospital, was a farce more ridiculous than *"The Anatomist"*; and that the mangled body of poor Carille threw no light upon his soul.]

The Sliding Scale.—We were aware that ice as natural as nature, and real tumbles, were to be found at the Glaciarium; but by a late advertisement much more is promised to skaters, especially ladies. They are "respectfully informed, that, during certain hours every day, the Frozen Lake will be open! exclusively to them: female attendants and skates provided." In addition to the feminine skates and attendants, we should recommend a female Humane Society.

China: Commencement of the International Inter-course.—Much as the public attention has lately been taken up by Chinese matters, it appears strange that the fact of a Chinese "tiger" being in England is not generally known; yet such is the case. On the evening of the day of the capture of Chusan, 6th July, 1840, an interesting little boy, a native of the island, was met rambling mournfully through the streets of Tinghai by a British soldier, who, affected by the child's pitiable lamentations, tried to comfort him; and, succeeding in overcoming his shyness, took charge of him. Conducting his little captive to a guard-room, he gave him a plentiful supper; and, while the boy slept, the soldiers, sprinkling a libation of grog on his head, named him Tinghai. The following day Lieut. Colonel Mountain (adjutant-general of the forces in China) remarked him among his new friends in the guard-room; and, being struck by his intelligent countenance, inquired into the circumstances under which he was found. Tinghai was soon transferred to the care of this kind officer; and, taken to his

quarters, it was discovered, by the aid of an interpreter, that he was the son of a mandarin junk-builder, and that both father and mother had the morning of the capture of Chusan been slain by some sepoys. Col. Mountain, finding that no one was likely to dispute his property in Tinghai, had him clothed in European style, and finally sent him to England. He was a great pet in the Conway, the man-of-war in which he took a passage from China; and mighty proud was he of his "kiddy" straw-hat, and neat duck frock and trousers, looking a miniature "Jack-tar." Tinghai is now, we understand, a "tiger" in his patron's family.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lays of Ancient Rome, by T. Babington Macaulay, 3d edit. 8vo, 10s. 6d. cloth.—The Aid to Memory; or, a Complete Treatise of Analogy between the French and English Languages, by C. Turrell, 2d edition, 12mo, 3s.—The Money-Lender, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Anderson's Mercantile Correspondent, new edit. 12mo, 5s.—The True Law of Population, by T. Doubleday, 2d edit. 8vo, 6s.—Cracks of the Day, by Wildrake, with 73 Illustrations, 2d edit. roy. 8vo, 21s.—Memoirs of a Griffin; or, a Cadet's First Year in India, by Captain Bellew, 2 vols. p. 8vo, 21s.—Gilbert's Child's Modern Atlas, 4to, 5s.—The Columbiad; a Poem, by R. B. Riddle, 12mo, 3s.—The Clans, Part I. from Sketches by R. M. Ian, coloured, imp. 4to, 12s.; fol. 21s.—Titian; a Romance of Venice, by R. S. Mackenzie, 3 vols. post 8vo, 18s.—Narrative of a Journey to Kalat, by C. Masson, 8vo, 14s.—Sermons, preached at the Episcopal Chapel, Upper Bagin Street, Dublin, by the Rev. H. Verschöyle, 12mo, 6s.—Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Ashley, M.P., by the Rev. T. Page, 12mo, 3s.—Dr. Wardlaw's Lectures on Female Prostitution, 2d edit. fcp. 2s. 6d.—Dr. J. A. Paris's Pharmacologia, 9th edit. 8vo, 20s.—A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon, by Daniel O'Connell, M.P., Vol. I. 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Relfe and Fletcher's Comprehensive Classified Catalogue of School-Books, 12mo, 3s.—Comprehensive Treatise on Land-Surveying, by J. Ainslie, with an Appendix by Galbraith, 4to, 15s.—Treatment of Diseases of the Eye by Means of Prussic-Acid Vapour, by A. Turnbull, M.D., 12mo, 2s. 6d.—The British Commentary on the Holy Gospels, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, roy. 8vo, 16s.—Hints towards the Formation of Character, 12mo, 5s. 6d.—Jeremy Bentham's Works, Part XXII. (conclusion), royal 8vo, 9s.—Narrative of a Visit to the Austrian Colonies, by J. Backhouse, 8vo, 15s.—12 Sermons, by the Rev. Robert Hall, 12mo, 6s.—On the Tracts for the Times, by the Rev. J. Buchanan, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Family Commentary on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, royal 8vo, 5s.—The Christian Miscellany, royal 8vo, 5s. 6d.—Middleton's Celestial Atlas, oblong fol. 31s. plan: 28s. coloured. Companion to ditto, 12mo, 5s. 6d.—The Scottish Hercules, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—The Grandeur of the Law; or, the Legal Precepts of England, by E. Foss, Esq., F.S.A., 12mo, 6s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

| Feb. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| Thursday . . . 9 | From 34 to 38 | 29.89 to 29.84 |
| Friday . . . 10 | " 32 . . 40 | " 29.82 . . 29.76 |
| Saturday . . 11 | " 30 . . 42 | " 29.78 . . 29.70 |
| Sunday . . . 12 | " 31 . . 41 | " 29.94 . . 29.97 |
| Monday . . . 13 | " 25 . . 39 | " 29.95 . . 29.85 |
| Tuesday . . 14 | " 17 . . 39 | " 29.66 . . 29.50 |
| Wednesday . 15 | " 15 . . 30 | " 29.39 . . 29.26 |

Wind N. and N.E. from the 9th till the morning of the 14th, when it changed to the S.W.; in the afternoon W. and N.W. in the evening; N.W. till the 15th. Except the 13th and morning of the 14th generally cloudy; snow on the afternoon of the 15th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. A. Oxon's second letter received with pleasure, and will be inserted as soon as possible.

Thanks to M., but no more. He is not so fortunate as on former occasions.

A Constant Reader asks us respecting the conclusion of *Meyer's Illustrations of British Birds*, which he thinks was completed in May last by No. 78; but he has neither received preface, title-page, nor index, and is anxious to be informed how his copy is to be made perfect.

X. on the letter of Africanus and the Niger plans reached us too late for this week.

The lines on the fair Harper fall in this: in David's case the danger arose to the player; in our correspondent's to the hearer.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.—AT THE MUSIC HALL, Stone Street, on MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 20, at Eight o'clock. Songs:—Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon—Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary—The Land o' Cockburn.—The Flowers of the Forest—Woe and married and a Part II. Waly, waly, up yon bank—Scots, wha hae—I'm wearin' o' Jean—The Reel of Tullochgorum—Tak' yer auld claid about ye. Pianoforte, Mr. Lind.

STAMMERING.—Mr. HUNT, of 224 Regent Street, has returned to Town for the season. A Prospectus, containing Testimonials from the "Times," "Literary Gazette," "Medico-Chirurgical Review," &c., as well as from Sir Peter Laurie, respecting the cure of Mr. George Pearson, who witnessed the treacherous attempt on the Queen's life by Francis, sent on application as above, to any part of the Kingdom.

Mr. Hunt attends Pupils at Eton College on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings, leaving Town by the Four o'clock Train.

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IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT

IN CHRONOMETERS AND WATCHES.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 25 Cockspur Street, London, Cross, who obtained the high distinction of receiving the Government Reward for the unparalleled performance of the best Chronometer ever submitted to twelve months' public trial, beg to announce the publication of the law which governs the Watches, Chronometers, and Clocks is secured to him by three separate patents, respectively granted in 1825, 1840, and 1842. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in four grades, 6*oz.* each, in gold case, from 8*l.* to 10*l.* extra. Gold Horizontal Watches, with gold dials, from 8*l.* to 12*l.* extra.

Dent's Appendix to his recent work on Timekeepers is now ready for circulation. It gives an account of various Experiments, showing that in the ordinary construction of Chronometers there has always existed a disproportion of action between the law which governs the force of tension in the balance-spring under varying temperature, and the supposed corresponding law which connects the inertia of the compensation-balance as the correction for the deviation in the force of tension.

Mr. Dent has invented and patented a new compensation-balance, whereby a more perfect correction is effected; and he proposes to apply the same principle to the correction of the Chronometer's Thermometer.

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Agents for New York, Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway.